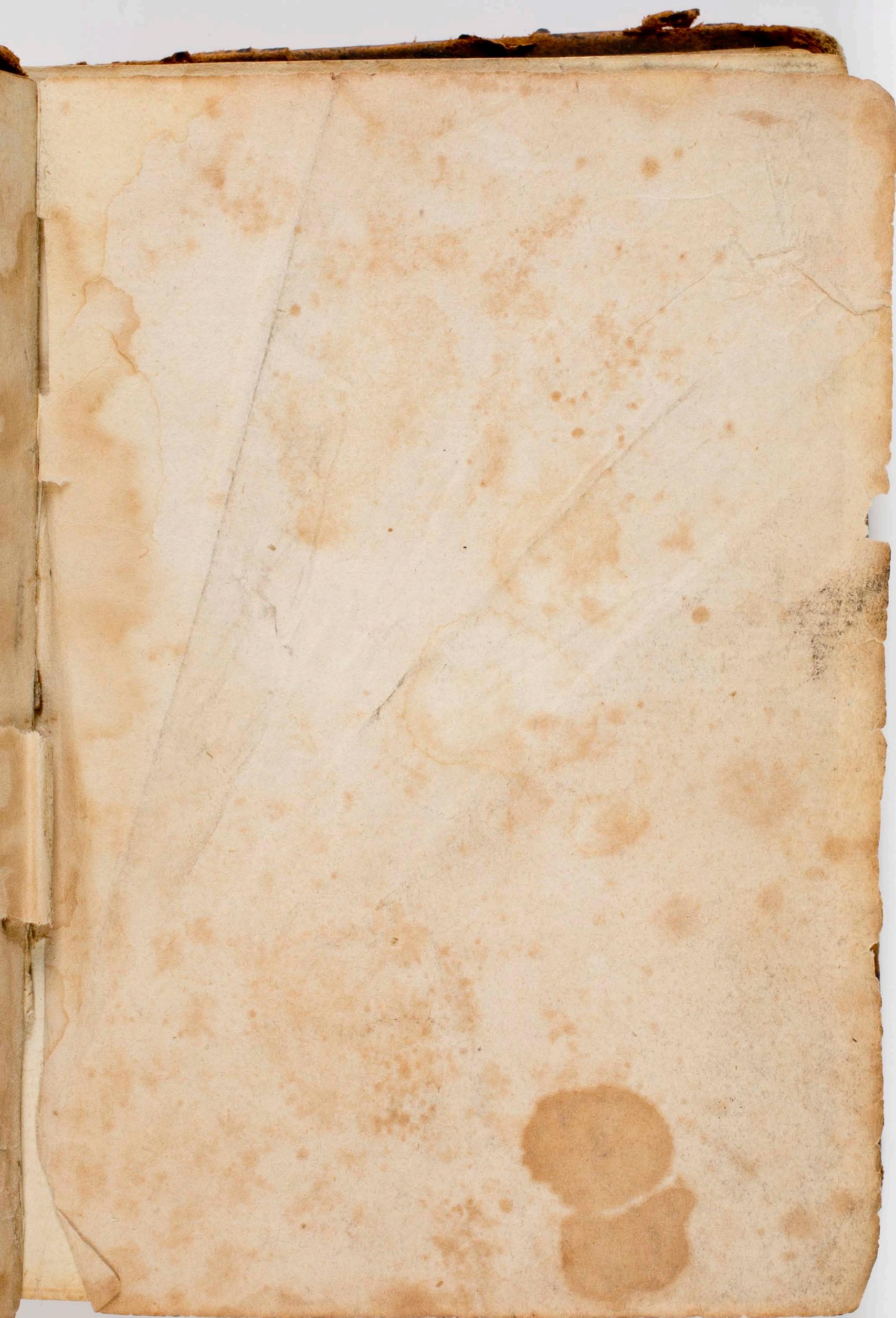


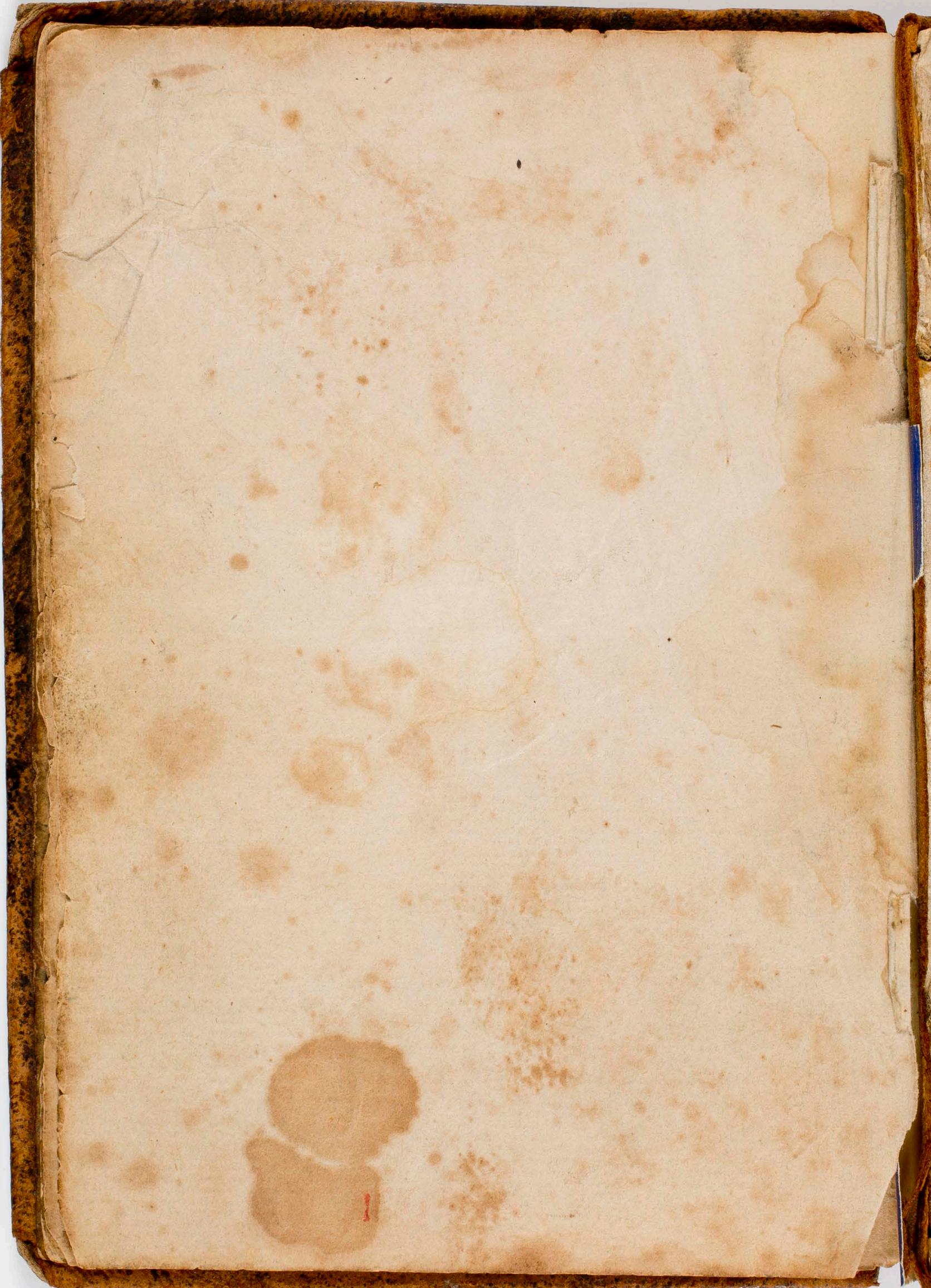
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T3

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Minot Baker's
Favourite Collection

of
ANCIENT and MODERN

SONGS.

Fine songsters to apologies often use,
When call'd on I'm ready to sing,
With hums or with haws ^{to refuse,} ne'er attempt
And egad Sir, I'll give you the thin

Boston, 1809.

Envoy in an air-pump without a passage to
breathe through.

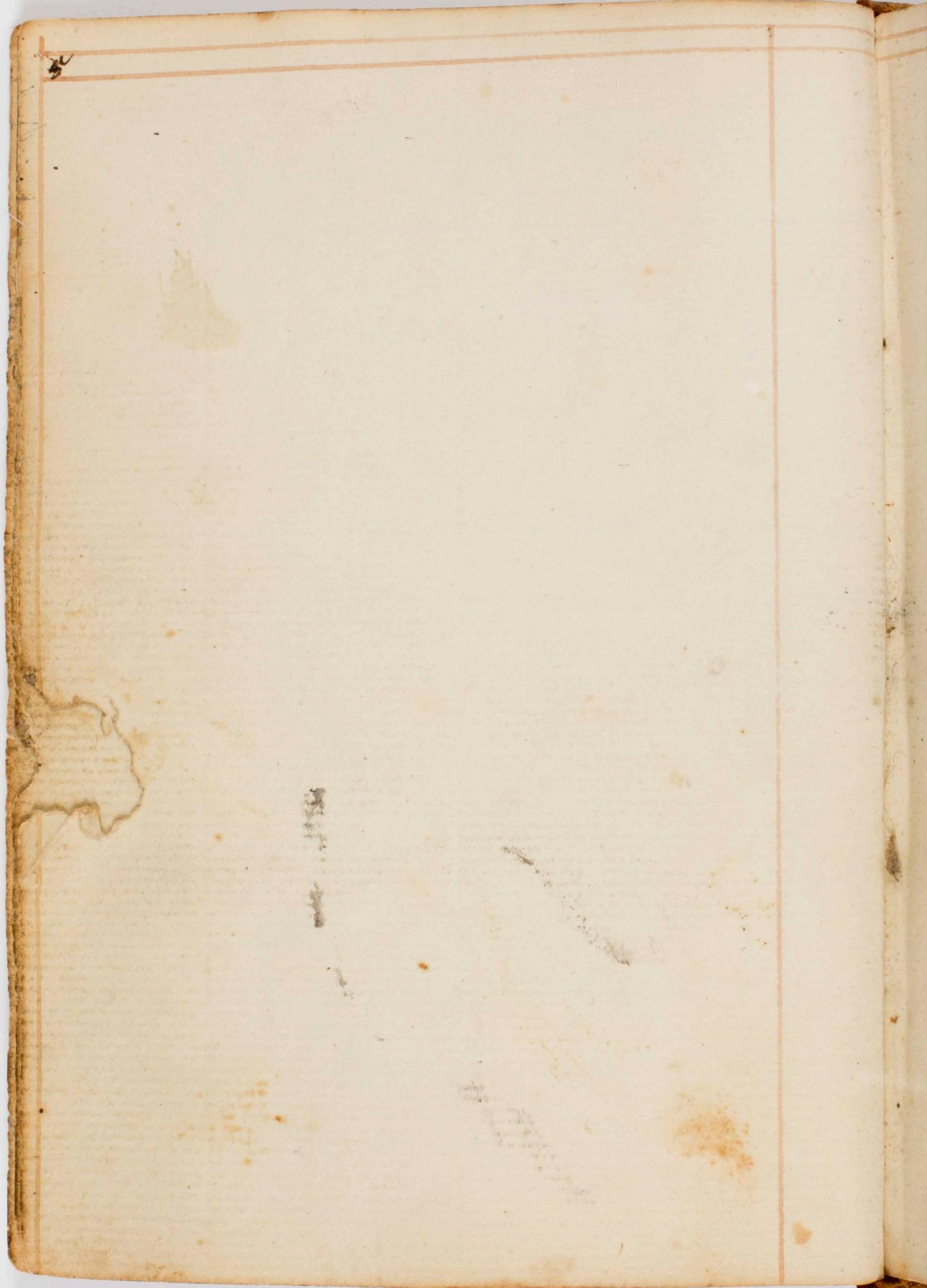
May the cheerful heart never want
an agreeable companion.

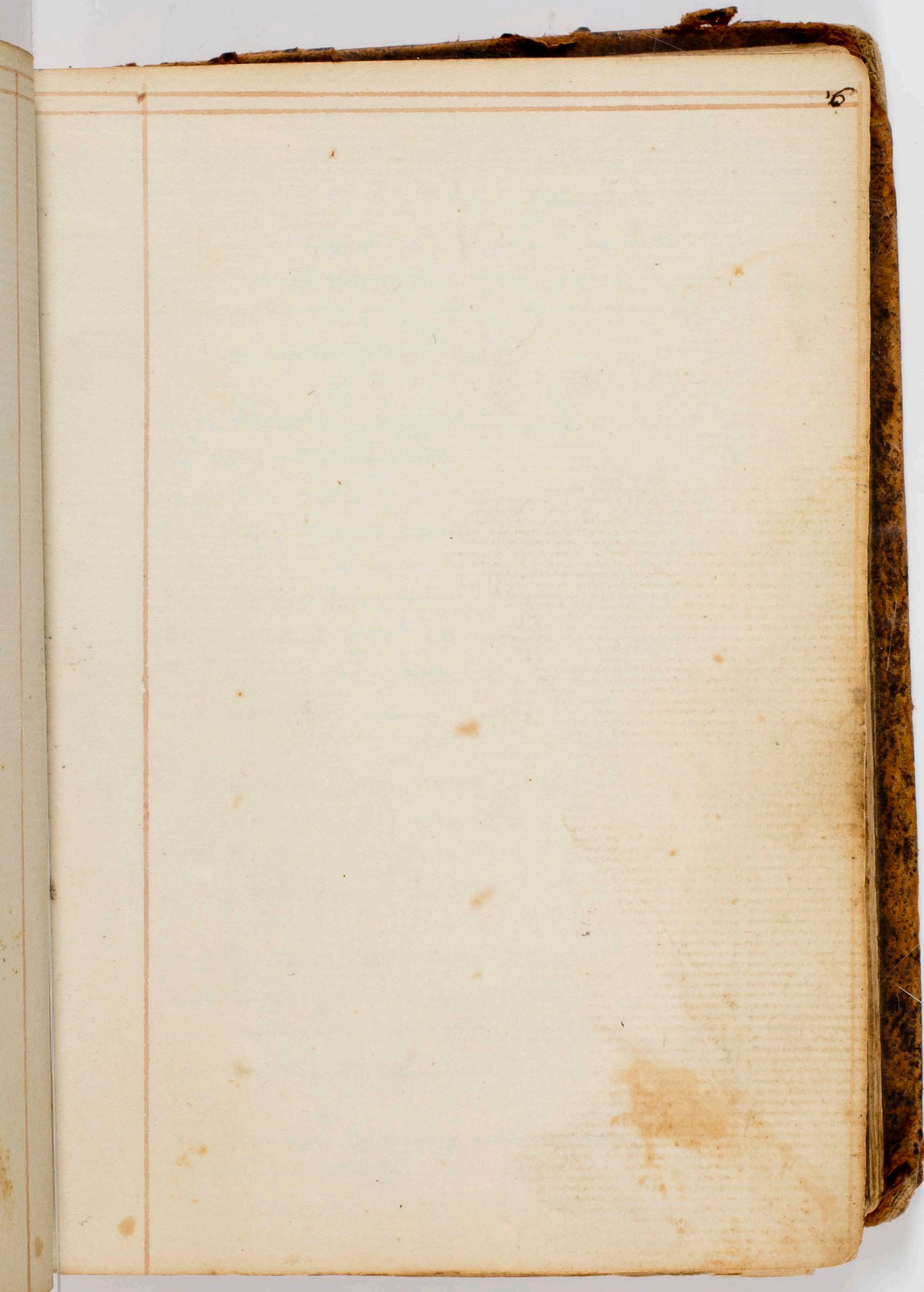
May virtue shine when every other light out.



2
By music united by all human kind
And friendship Shall rivet what harmony join'd







8.

The Sailor's Parting Interview.

Behold my dear, the time draws near
That you and I must part.
There are but few who know the care
Of my poor wounded heart;

That I must suffer for the sake
Of you, my only dear,
Since I'm oblig'd my leave to take
And leave my charmer here;

The thought doessorely wound my heart
That I must part with thee,
That I'm force'd from thee to part
And cross the raging sea.

O, who is he, that shall enjoy
My love, when I am gone?
Or is there any company,
Like you and I alone?

Or is the any other man,
Shall lodge within your heart?
O no deare sir, the maid reply'd,
If you and I must part,

In sorrow, I my days will spend,
If you inconstant prove,
And never yeale my willing hand,
For you alone I love.

9
I wish my breast was made of glass,
My heart you might behold,
That in it you might plainly see
Your name writ down in gold;

To be the darling of my heart,
And never to remove,
That all the world might plainly see,
'Tis you alone I love;

Then dry your tears said he again,
If ever I return,
In Hymen's sweet chain, we'll
Unite our hearts in one.

When I am gone pray think upon
Your dear and absent friend,
And in a league of friendship,
A line or two pray send,

By every gale that blows that way,
Pray send a line or two,
And I the same will do again,
When the wind blows fair to you;

So fare you well, my only dear,
Our captain calls for me,
Our sails are spread, the wind is fair,
And we must put to sea.

10 Portsmouth Garland.

Young Gallants give ear,
while to you I unfold
As pretty a ditty, as ever was told,
A worthy young lady
liv'd in Portsmouth town,
Who, was crown'd with beauty,
with fame and renown.

There came Lords and Peers, this fair lady to see,
And many rich presents, brought to her had she,
Each hoping and striving this lady to gain,
But none of them all coul'd her favor obtain.

At length, as it happen'd, on a fair summer's day,
A jolly young soldier was walking that way,
He was bold, brisk and airy, she saw him pass by,
And she call'd to this young man, and bade him
draw nigh.

O where are you going, from whence do you come?
And where, do you live sir, pray tell me your name,
In the country of Derry's my place of abode,
And I hope I offend not in walking this road.

O Jemmy, I'd have you in this country to tarry,
And with some gay lady, I'd have you to marry:
Whose affluent fortune would increase your store,
So Jemmy, I'd have you to ramble no more.

I would not leave rambling, and ramble no more,
To get gold and silver, and bank it in store,
I've gold in both pockets, and silver likewise;
Like an innocent lover, tears fell from her eyes.

O Jemmy, I have you to marry, with me,
Five men and maid servants to wait upon thee
With gold in your pockets, in coaches you'll
And when you are married I shall be your
bride.

Then Jemmy consented to be her bridegroom,
And they sent for a minister into the room,
And a prettier couple there never was seen,
Then this Jolly young Soldier, and beauteous Queen.

Bold Soldier

I'll tell you of a soldier, who lately came from
Who courted a Lady of honor, rich and fair;
Her fortune was ^{wax} so great, that it scarcely could
be told,
But yet, she loved the soldier, because he was so
bold.

She said, my dearest jewel, I would fain be
your wife,
But my daddy is so cruel, I fear he'll end my life;

He took his sword and pistols, and hung them by his side,
And swore that he would marry her, whatever
might befall. 12

When they had been to church,
And returning home again,
Her old dadda met them,
With seven armed men;
O dear, said the lady,
I fear we shall be slain,
Fear nothing, my charmer,
The soldier said again.

The old man to his daughter
With a great frown did say,
Is this your behavior?
Is this your marry day?
Since you have been so silly,
As to be a soldier's wife,
Here in this lonesome valley,
I'll end your pleasant life.

And then spake up the soldier,
I do not like this prattle,
Altho I am a bridegroom,
And unprepared for battle;
He snatch'd his sword and pistols,
And made them all to rattle,
And the lady held the horse,
While the soldier fought the battle.

13
The first man he came to,
He quickly had him slain,
The next man he came to,
He ran him thro amain;
Let's flee, cry'd the rest,
For we soon shall all be slain,
To fight with this brave soldier,
Is altogether vain.

Pray, stay your hand, the ole man cry'd,
You make my blood run cole,
I'll give you with my daughter,
Five thousand pounds in gold;
Fight on, said the lady,
My portion is too small,
O, stay your hand, dear soldier,
And you shall have it all:

He took the soldier home,
And acknowledg'd him his heir,
I was not because he lov'd him,
But 'twas for dread and fear;
There never is a soldier,
Who's fit to carry a gun,
Will ever flinch or start an inch,
Till the battle he has won.

Despise not a soldier because that he is poor,
He's happy in the field as at the barrack door,
Is bold brisk and very brave sociable and free,
As willing to fight for love as for his liberty.

14 Great Yorke A Song Song & A favorite Love

One night deprived of slumber,
As musing on my bed I lay
Perplex'd with thoughts unnumber'd,
Reflecting on this dismal Lay;
Like to some troubled Ocean,
Whose rolling Billows take no rest,
Was Love's perpetual Motion
That rolled in my troubled breast.

Sweet Sally is my darling,
My joy and only heart's delight,
For every night and morning
She robs me of my freedom's right,
She's linked me in love's chain,
From this fair one I can't get free,—
She'll send me to my grave
Or afford me some remedy.—

Your long and slender waist love,
Denotes that you are chaste and free,
Your pretty blooming Face
is a mark of purest chastity,
With Beauty you're adorn'd,
with prudence and sobriety,
You are most neatly form'd, such a
surpassing any gay lady,

15
Because I am a soldier, my dear,
what makes you slight me so?

Into some foreign land,
like a wand'ring Pilgrim, I will go;
My youthful days I'll spend,
until old age does me overtake,
And like a wounded lover,
I'll ramble for my darlings sake.

If I had all the gold that's in Mexico,
or rich Peru,

My dearest sweetest Sally,
I would bestow it all on you.
Your eyes are far more clear love,
than ever was a diamond stone,
Your cheeks may be compared
unto a rose that's newly blown.

Look down in yonder garden,
and view the flowers of every kind,
The violets and the roses,
the pretty Pinks, and Lillies fine.
But stay until tomorrow,
see how they all will fade away,
And so will all your charms, Love,
you lost so highly of today.

SONG will go in Great Sorten

No rose pink or carnation
Could ever with a single view
Bring to annihilation

16

A youth as I am brought by you
I write to you in Ditty
In hopes your tender heart 'twill move
A dying youth to pity
Who pines with frantic pangs of love

On your sweet alluring form
How oft did I with raptur'd gaze
Where each feature made to charm
Some beauty of the mind displays
Sweet smiling lovely creature
No pencil could your shape portray
Fair master-piece of nature
No numbers could your praise dispaly

Since the moment I first spied you
My heart to love you did incline
Often I sat beside you
My eager wish was you'd be mine
If I cannot enjoy thee
No other maid I'll e'er possess
You've the power to destroy me
Or thus replete my happiness

To hear you were contracted
Caus'd all my senses to have fled
E'er I could go distraught
No vital spirit in me staid

So now my hopes are over
 I'll always languish grieve and pine
 I thought to be your lover —
 But Oh! alas you'll never be mine

The Exile Of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind beaten hill;
 But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where oft, in the glow of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

2.
 Oh! sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken stranger)
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;
 A home and a country remain not to me;
 Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh

3.

Erin! my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more;
 Oh! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of bliss where no peril can chase me? —
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me;
 They die to defend or live to deluse me.

Where is my cabin, that stood by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, 'die ye weep' for its fall.
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah! sad is my soul! long abandon'd by pleasure;
Why did it loat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

5.
But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying with my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeath's thee his blessing;
Land of my fore-fathers Erin, go bragh;
Buried, and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-stringing bards, sing aloud with devotion,
Erin ma vourneen, Erin, go bragh.

Ellen O'Moore.

Written by Dr. James Reynolds

June Erin Gobrath

1. Ah! Soldiers of Britain your merciless doings,
Long, long, will the children of Erin deplore;
Oh! sad is my soul when I view the black ruins
Where once stood the cottage of Ellen O'Moore:
Her father (God rest him!) lov'd Ireland most dearly,
All its wrongs, all its suff'ring, he felt most severely;
And with freedom's firm sons united sincerely:

But gone is the father of Ellen O'Moore.

2. One cold winter night, as poor Dermot lay musing,
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash! went the door;
The fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing

20
To their scoffs he replied not — with blows they assaile^{him}d.
He felt all indignant — his caution now fail'd him;
He return'd their vile blows — all Munster bewail'd him;
For stabb'd was the father of Ellen O'Moore.

3.
Who the children's wild screams, & the mother's distraction,
While the father, the husband, lay stretch'd in his gore,
Could behold or could heart not curse the foul faction
That blasted this rose-bud, sweet Ellen O'Moore?
O my father! my father! she cried (wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck) while his life's blood was flowing;
She kiss'd his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going;
She groan'd, and left fatherless Ellen O'Moore.

4.
With destruction encloy'd, this infernal banditti,
Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the tempest blew sore,
These friends to the castle, but foes to all pity,
Set fire to the dwelling of Ellen O'Moore.
The children, the mother, half naked & shrieking,
Escap'd from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeling;
And while those poor victims for shelter were seeking,
Ah! mark what befel poor Ellen O'Moore.

5.
From her father's pale corpse, which her lap had
supported,
To an out house the ruffians this lovely one bore;
With her tears, her intreaties, her sorrows they sported;
And by force they deflower'd sweet Ellen O'Moore;
And now, a wild maniac, she roams the wide common;
Against the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman,
And sings of her father in strains more than human,
Till the tears over power poor Ellen O'Moore.

Now, ye daughters of Erin, your country's salvation 24
While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your shore
Remember the wrongs ¹ of your long shackled nation
Remember the wrongs ² of poor Ellen O'Moore
And while your hearts beat, with spirits of fire
Your brothers, your lovers, your children inspire
Till your union shall make all oppressors retire
From the land where now wanders poor Ellen O'Moore

Sadi The Moor June-Erin-go-Brah.

The trees seem to fade as you dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door;
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and cherrily,
His friends were his life-blood he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-eyed Zelde, he lov'd her sincerly,
Hard was the fate of Sadi the Moor.

1. As Sadi was toiling - his Zelde was near him,
His children were prattling, and smiling before;
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him
And drag to their vessel, poor Sadi the Moor.
Her forlorn one raved loudly, her lost husband seeing
His children & friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cry'd out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

2. In spite of his' plaint, to the galley they bore him,
His Zelde and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn, from his feverish slumber they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes, on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, & fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.

The Manide. will go in the tune of Cringo

As I strayed over a common on Cork's rugged border,

While the dew drops of morn the sweet primrose array,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder.

Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd;

On the sward she reel'd, by the green fern surrounded,

At her side speckled daisies and crowflowers abounded;

To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,

Her sighs were uncasing, 'I was Mary le More.'

2.
Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,

Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;

Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,

And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;

While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed 'Oh! my mother!

See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother,

They have torn his poor flesh, & they now strip another,

'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More!'

Though his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,

Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave;

'My father! 'she cry'd, with the wildest emotion,

'Oh! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!

They have toll'd his death bell, they've laid the turf o'er him;

His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him;

He is gone! he is gone and the good will deplore him;

When the blue wave of Crin hides Mary le More!'

At last, from the gold blossom'd furze that grew
near her,

She rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay;
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds
clearer;

The horsemen approach: Crin's daughter's away!"
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning!
And over her pale father a wretch had been mour'nin'
Go hide with the sea mermaid maids, and take warning
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away! bring the ointment! Oh! God! see those gashes!
Alas! my poor mother come dry the big tear;
Then we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes
Already the screech-owls and ravens appear;
By day the green grave, that lies under the willow
With wile flowers I'll strew, & by night make my
pilfer,
Till the ooze and dark sea weed, beneath the curl'd
billow,
Shall furnish a death bed for Mary le More."

Thus raved the poor Maniac in tones more heart-
rending

Then Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo! on the waste, another march it warden
ding.

A troop of fierce cavalry chance'd to appear:
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaim'd with wild hor-
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming she
With an overcharg'd bosom, slowly departec,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

New Erin go Bragh.

From Cork to New-York sail'd an exile from Erin;

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;

He ran to a tavern a cursing and swearing,

He wanted some rum, so he call'd for a jill.

The glasses attracted his eyes sad devotion,

To drink a half-pint he had a great notion;

So the landlord came in and fill'd out his potion—

Here's part of the humors of Erin go bragh.

The landlord by chance was poor Patrick's relation,

And he from old Ireland came some time before;

He said, Pat, drink a pint for the good of our nation,

Since you are arrived here on liberty's shore,

So to it they went, and drank on the double,

And tippled a quart for to drown all past trouble;

The wrangles with orangemen seem'd like a

bubble—

Here's more of the humors of Erin go bragh.

Here's Emmet, Montjoy, and a number of others,

From Erin to York they were forc'd to proceed;

And now in this country united like brothers,

God grant them long life for to plant all their

seed.

May their great generation like vines of potatos

Sprud over this land like New Jersey mosquitos,

Do sting all the British that dare to invade us,

And wield the shillee of Erin go bragh.

25

The Midnight Hark-away.

The care invites, in crows we fly,
To join the jovial rout, full cry,
What joy from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the Midnight Hark-away!

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor drowsy husbands enter there
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
Till daylight keeps we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-away!
When tir'd with sports, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

Pleasure's Hark-a-way

When phebe mounts the evening skies,
Then let the jolly crew arise,
And free from sorrow's iron sway,
Huzza for Pleasure's hark away,

Now sound your's strepent joys,

For mirth exists but in a noise
 Then laugh from night till morning grey
 And shout for Comus hark away

Now pass about ^{3.} the jocund bowl,
 For wine exhilarates the soul,
 Let every guest with joy obey,
 When Bacchus sounds the hark away.

4.
 How sweet to join the gallant chace
 When loves the game ^{and} female,
 Where all their strength & skill display,
 And Beauty sounds the hark away

5.
 Your flutes, your horns, your labors bring,
 Your songs of mirth and pleasure sing;
 Such let the merry musician play,
 And join Apollo hark away.

6.
 Then still in reverly advance,
 And drink and laugh and sing & dance,
 Till rosy east proclaims the day,
 Huzz a for Pleasure, hark away.

Bow, bow, Sir.
 That Fashion rules both high and low,
 there's no one can deny, sir;
 And those who dare to flout her laws, are
 viewed with scornful eye, sir.
 A bachelor of sixty-four I own myself to be, sir;
 And, like old maids, to pride and dress a rigid enemy, sir.
Bow, bow, Sir.

And so, regardless of the frown of this saie mistres
 Fashion,
 On pride and dress, and beaux and belles, I'll
 freely lay my lash on
 The, though they can their money spend with War-
 ren, Dyke and Harding,
 If want implores their charity, they cannot spare
 a farthing. *Bow, wow, he.*

Your beaux, they sip their tea at noon, because
 it is the fashion;
 Then dine at six, get drunke by two, and through
 the garden dash on;
 While bakers' clerks their betters ape, and sport
 their girl and gig, sir;
 And even Bet, the chambermaid, must have a
 flaschen wig, sir.

Bow, wow, he.
 Your folks of rank at faro-bank do oft turn night
 to day, sir;
 And tradesmen's wives and daughters join, who sleep
 as them will play, sir;
 Until for Doctors' Commons, perhaps, they make
 a pretty job, sir;
 Or else for debt their husbands break and
 stylish go to que, sir.

Bow, wow, he.
 But, hold! my tongue has run too far; they say
 it trade promotes, sir;
 So I'll desist, lest you should find a hole too
 in my coat, sir;

And only wish to see once more dress suited to
each station;
Tis commerce, sirs, sirs, not fashion's law, that
must support the nation.

Bow, wow, &c.

The General Hunt.

Do horse ye jolly sportsmen,
And greet the now-born day;
Ineffant, lo! thro' nature's field,
Each creature hunts his prey.
And a hunting we will go.

Dame nature teaches Reynard craft
To o'er reach the feather'd flocks;
And we pursue the chiding dogs,
While they run down the fox.
And a hunting, &c.

Some fair would hunt for honour,
A game that's hard to find:
The needy hunt for charity,
And may go hunt the wind.
And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow,
The nation's desperate case;
While all their stir and bustle's made
In hunting for a place.
And a hunting &c.

Fall cry the demons hunt the feds,

Who in their turn pursue;

And running one another down,

Run down their country too.

And a hunting etc.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,

Your title to maintain:

He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,

Then hunt it back again.

And a hunting etc.

The toper daily hunts his pot,

Both care and sense to drown;

While gamblers hunt another's purse,

And lose sight of their own.

And a hunting etc.

The lasses hunt their lovers,

Each lover hunts his lass;

The fop in chase of his dear face,

Hunts out his looking glass.

And a hunting etc.

O'er hill and dale with horn and hound,

Let's hunt, boys, while 'tis light;

Then joyous we'll over flowing bowls,

Revive the chase at night.

And a hunting etc.

Come Haste To The Wedding

Come haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can on longer delay,
Forget all your sorrows, your cares and your labours,

And let envy hurt with rapture today.

Come, come, one and all, attend to my call,

And revel in pleasures that never can decay,

Come see, rural felicity which love and
innocence ever enjoy;

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and bias the beasts of the great
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones and

We boast of no wealth but contentment and
great health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments
employ.

Come see, &c.

With reason we drink of each heart stirring ^{sure} ple-

With reason we taste of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but 'tis all within measure,

For fatal excess but enslaves the free soul,
Come, come, at our bidding, to this happy

Wedding, No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy;

Come see &c.

The Country Life.

A sweet country life is delightful & charming,
 When walking abroad in a fine summer's
 morning;
 Your cities, nor your towns, nor your lofty
 high towers,
 Cannot be compared to my sweet shady bower:
 Your fiddle nor your pipe, your flute, nor your
 spinet,
 Cannot be compared to my lark & sweet linnet;
 I is down as I lie on a sweet bed of roses,
 I'm charm'd with the notes of the black
 birds and thrushes,
 Young Jemmy, the plow-boy, gets up in the mo-
 rning,
 Feeding of his flock by the side of the fountain
 He sees lovely Daney among the green rushes,
 She sings sweeter notes than the black birds or
 thrushes,
 In the sweet month of May she retires to
 the mountains,
 Milking of her cows by the side of the fountain
 Your city's costly diamonds you may vainly
 fancy,
 While I on banks of violets am charmed
 with my Daney.
 I value not a fig your silks nor your laces,
 Your ribbons, nor your gauds, nor other excesses;
 Her own country wearing, to me is most endear-
 ring;

Her pretty fringed mantle, her spinning and
weaving.
And now to conclude my favourite song and
city,
I ask my country fair ones, who dress neat
and pretty,
Never to forsake their own country's employ-
ment,
The cities and the towns cannot give such enjoyment.

Row, Dow, Dow

On Entick's green meadows where innocence reigns,
Where pleasure and plenty forever preside,
I romped with the maidens and pretty young swains,
And Ralph fanc'd soon he should call me his bride;
When I first heard the drum with the row, dow, dow,
Its music was sweeter than soft serenade :
I scorn'd all the rest for the row, dow, dow,
And sigh'd for the captain with a smart cockade.

The first I ever saw, he march'd over our green,
His men all behind him by two and by two;
Such a sight in our village had never been seen,
The men all in ranks ware drawn out to view;
When I first heard the drum, with a row, dow, dow
Young Cupid awak'd, such a bustle he made,
My heart beat a march, with a row, dow, dow,
And went o'er to the captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy - he swore at my feet
 All his laurels he'd lay, if I'd give him my hand;
 No maid could refuse a lover so sweet,

To the church then I march'd by the word of com-
 mand:

Now I follow the drum, with a row, dow, dow,
 Nor ever have repented the vow that I made;
 No music's to me like the row, dow, dow
 No youth like the captain with a smart cockade.

Jockey To The Fair

I was on the mo'n of sweet May Day,
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And gile the meadows rare:

Young Jockey early in the dawn,
 Arose, and tript it over the lawn;
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on;
 For Jenny had vow'd away to run
 With Jockey to the fair.

For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
 With eager steps he trudg'd along,
 With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear:

He tapt the window - Haste my dear,
 Jenny impatient, cry'd who's there?
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near;

Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,

Which I have heard you swear?

And will you ever constant prove?
I will by all the powers of love,
And never deceive my charming dove;
Despel those doubts, and hast my love,
With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry's,
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let cupid be our happy guide,
And hymen meet us there;
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He woule be constant, woule be true;
His word was pledg'd — away she flew
Over cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyfull throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young:
Each join the dance, each join the song,
And hail the happy pair;

In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless'd the hind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the fair.

33.

Morning Ramble

As' cross the field the other morn,
I tripp'd so blithe and gay;
The Squire, with his dog and gun,
By chance come by that way.
Whither so fast, sweet maid, he cry'd,
And caught me round my waist.
Pray stop awhile — Dear girl said he,
I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go, as yet, cry'd he,
For I have much to say;
Come, sit you down, and let us chat
Upon this new mown hay.—
I've loved you long, and oft have wish'd
Those ruby lips to taste;
I'll have a kiss — well, then said I,
Be quick, for I'm in haste.

First as I spoke, I saw young Hodge,
Come through a neighboring gate.
He caught my hand, and cry'd Dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait.
But here's the ring, come haste to church,
The joys of love to taste —
I left the Squire, and smiling said,
You see, Sir, I'm in haste

Peasants The Petition.

When the trees are all bare,
 not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauties have lost;
 When all nature's disrobd of its mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound by the frost:

When the peasant, inactive,
 stands shivering with cold,
 Boreath the winds as they northerly blow,
 And the innocent flocks run for shelter to
 fold,
 With their fleeces all sprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are
 fodder'd with straw,
 And send forth their breath like a steam;
 When the neat looking dairy maid sees
 she must than
 Flakes of ice that she finds on her cream;

The blithe country maiden as fresh as the
 rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics loud laugh, if in falling
 she shuns,
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for compa-
 ny join'd,
 And round the hall members are met,
 Talk of witches, and fairies that ride on
 the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweet:

When the birds to the barn-door come
 Hovering for food,
 Or silently sit on the spray;
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks
 the wood,
 For faithless her foolders betray.

Heaven grant in that season it may be my
 lot
 With the girl that I love and admire,
 When the sickles hang to the eaves of my
 cot
 I may thither in safety retire:

There in neatness and quiet, and free from
surprise

May we live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise
But those which each other can
cure.

Cell

I am a jolly gay Pedlar

I am a jolly gay Pedlar,
Come here to sell my ware:
And tho' in all things I'm a medler,
I meddle most with the fair;
When I shew my ribbons to misses,
Tho' copper and silver I gain,
Yet better I'm pleased with the blisses,
Which now I cannot explain.

Fools say that life is but sorrow,
 And seem disenchin'd to be gay
 But why should we think of to-morrow
 When we may be happy to-day
 I rove round the world for my pleasure
 Resolv'd to take nothing amiss
 And think my existance a treasure
 While blest with a cup and a kiss

They surely are thick headed asses
 Who know that youth's gone in a crack
 And will not enjoy as it passes
 The season that never comes back
 Let time jog on slower or quicker
 Or whether we're silly or wise

40
We shall not be the worse for good liquor

On the smile of a girl with black eyes

Some Cheer up My Lads.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free, as we sons of the waves?
Hart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,

We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

He never see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, & run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, those terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children & beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get over,
Americans they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart Co.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
In spite of ^{them sweat} the devil, and Bache's gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, and be this your toast,
B Washington, and Adams while time shall
last.

41

Oh ever in my Bosom live

Sandy.

Oh ever in my bosom live,
Thou source of endless pleasure,
Since nothing else on earth can give,
So dear, so rich a treasure.

Both.

Oh ever in my bosom live,
Thou source of endless pleasure,
Since nothing else on earth can give,
So dear, so rich a treasure.

Sandy.

True love, perhaps may bring alarms,
Or be but loss of reason,
Yet still it adds to Summer's charms,
And cheers the wintery season.

Both.

True love, perhaps, &c.

Fenny.

The lustre of the great and gay,
Is transitory fashion,
While pure and lasting is the ray.

Of unaffected passion.
 When danger threats the peasant's cot,
 And cruel cares assail it
 Affection's smile shall soothe his lot,
 Or bid him not bewail it.

Sandy.

Then let us each on each rely,
 To mutual transport borrow
 The slavish forms of life deply
 And artificial sorrow.

Jenny.

Content we'll sport and laugh and sing,
 Grow livelier and jocoser,
 While time that slides on envious wing,
 Shall bind our hearts the closer.

The Mechanic Song

June The Hobbies

Ye merry mechanis come join in my song
 And let your brisk chorus come bounding along

Tho' some perhaps poor and some rich there may be
 Yet all are united happy and free

Chorus. { Happy and free
 Happy and free
 Yet all are united happy & free }

Ye Tailors of ancient and noble renown
 Who clothe all the people in country and town
 Remember that Adam (your father and head) er
 Tho' the lord of the world was a Sailor by trade
 Happy and free &c.

Ye Masons who work in stone mortar and brick
 And lay the foundation deep solid and thick
 Tho' hard by your labour yet lasting your fame
 Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim
 Happy and free &c.

Ye smiths who forge tools for all trades here below
 You have nothing to fear while you smite & you blow
 All things you may conquer so happy your lot
 If you're careful to strike while the iron's hot
 Happy and free &c.

Ye shoemakers nobly from ages long past
 Have defended your right, with the awl to your last
 And coblers all merry not only stop holes
 But work night and day for the good of our soals
 Happy and free &c.

Ye cabinet makers brave workers of wood
 As you work for the ladies your work must be good
 Ye joiners and carpenters far off and near
 Stick close to your trades and you've nothing to fear
 Happy and free &c.

Ye coach makers must not by tax be controul'd
 But ship off your coaches and fetch us home gold
 The roller of your coach made Copernicus reel
 And foresee the world to turn round like a wheel
 Happy and free &c.

Ye hatters who oft with hands not very fair
 Fix hats on a block for block heads to wear
 Tho' charity covers a sin now and then
 You cover the heads and the sins of all men
 Happy and free &c.

Ye corders & spinners & weavers attend
 And take the advice of poor Richard your friend
 Stick close to your loom & to your wheel & your cords
 And you never need fear of times going hard
 Happy and free &c.

Ye printers who give us our learning and news
 Stand impartially print for Turks or Christians & Jews
 Let your favourite toast ever sound thro' the streets
 A freedom to press and a volume in in sheets

Happy & Free &c.

Ye coopers who rattle with driver and adze
 And lather each day upon hoops & on heads
 The famous ale ballad of love in the tub
 You may sing to the tune of I rub a dub dub
 Happy & Free &c.

Ye ship builders riggers and makers of souls
 Already the news constitution prevails
 And soon you may see on the proud swelling tide
 The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride
 Happy & Free &c.

Each tradesman turnout with his tools in his hand
 To cherish the arts and keep head thro' the land
 Each Apprentice and Journeyman joining my son
 And let your full chorus come bounding along
 Happy and Free &c.

John

" E E E E "

Finale. in Inkle & Yarico:

Campley.

Come let us dance and sing,
 While all Barbadoes bells shall
 ring:
 Love scrapes the fiddle string,
 And Venus plays the lute;
 Hymen gay, foots away,
 Happy at our wedding day,
 Cocks his chin, and figures in,
 To labor, pipe, and flute.

Chorus

Come then dance and sing
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring
 Love scrapes the fiddle string,
 And Venus plays the lute;

47

Sarissa.

Since thus each anxious care is vanish'd
into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear To join the
jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go, on the light
fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily, the rosy
hours advance.

Come let us dance & sing &c.

Yarico

When first the swelling sea
Hither brought my love & me,

What then my fate wou'd be

Little did I think -

Doom'd to know care and woe,

Happy still is Yarico:

Since her love will constant prove,

And nobly scorn to shrink

Come let us dance & sing Sc.

Trudge.

I bob's now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair tho' black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife-

Who cares now a sou'e!

Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall live with her factour here
Night & day, I'll frish & play
about - the house, with wows,

Come let us dance & sing Sc.

Patty -

Let patty say a word,
A chambormaid may sure be heard,
Sure men are grown absurd,
Thus taking black for white!

To hug & kiss a dingy miss,
Will hardly suit an age like this -
Unless here, some friend appears,
who hithe this wedding night

Come let us dance & sing Sc.

At sixteen years old you coul'd get
little good of me,

Then I saw Norah who soon understood of me

I was in love - but myself, for the blood of me,

Could not tell what I did ail.

I was dear, dear! what can the matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be!

Och, Grammachree! what can the matter

be? Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to father O'Flang-

Told him my case - made enend - then
began again.

Father, says I, make me my own manager,
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick - I did bellow and
curse again!

Sorah took pity to see me at nurse again:
Gave me a kiss: och, sounds! that threw
me worse again!

Well she knew what I did ail.
But, dear, dear! says she what can the
matter be?

Och! blood and ouns! my lass, what can
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now, since I left Tipperary —
How strange, growing older, our nature
should vary!

All symptoms are gone of my ancient
quandary,

I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear! Sc.

Patrick Delaney.

As Murphy Delaney so funny & frisky
 Pop'd into a grogg shop to get his skin full
 Came reeling out drunk being well hin'd with
 whisky

As fresh as a sharp rock as blind as a bolt
 A trifling accident happened our rouser
 Who took the quay side for the floor of a shed
 And the keel of a coal barge he just tumbled over
 And tho't all the time he was going to bed
 Some folks passing by pull'd him out of the
 river

And got a horse doctor his sickness to mend
 Who swore that poor pat was no longer a liver
 But dead as the d***l and there was an end
 They sent for the coroner's inquest to try him
 But pat not half liking this comical strife
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat
 by him

And came when he found it convenient to life
 Says pat to the jury "your worship an't please ye
 I don't think I'm dead so what is it you do
 Not dead says the foreman you has been be easy
 By Jams the doctor knows better than you
 So the jury went on with their business further
 Examini'd the Doctor about his belief
 And they br't in Delaney was guilty of
 murder

And were going to hang him in spite of his
 teeth

Then hat he clinch'd hold of a hand some shellaly
 And said the poor doctor as stiff as a post
 They were it could not be Murphy Delaney
 But something alive and it must be tryg hast
 The jury began then with fear to survey him
 While hat like a devil about him did say
 They sent out a hand for the clergy to say him
 But hat said the clergy and then rung away

Song.

O love! what the deuce do you want in my
 bosom

Get out of my right and my heart let alone
 For had I a score I certainly should lose 'em
 As that I possess is no longer my own
 What means all this thumping this flitt-
 'ring and beating

O good master Cupid be easy now!
 I long every morn for the next village meeting
 Tho' it adds to my pain but I cannot tell how
 Sing lara la lara la lara
 Lara la lara la lara

I can't for the life of me make out the reason
 Why love is the only thing ne'er out of season
 Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing
 'Twas there I first felt the effects of her eyes
 Each moment she'd raise to be privately gazing
 Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise
 She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clasp of thunder

My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn
 And fled to her arms then pray where is the
 wonder

That her own the dear crater should send in
 return. — Sing Tara La Hi.

O Cupid you're surely of Irish distraction
 O help your poor countryman now at a pinch
 If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the
 action

May I ne'er see Rilkenny again if I flinch
 I'm not one of those who are given to lying
 I promise no more than I'm able to give
 I hate all your nonsense your kneeling and

^{dying}
 But I'll love her as long as she chooses to live
 Sing Tara La Hi.

Song O Henn

Awake thou fairest thing in nature
 How can you sleep when day does break
 How can you sleep my charming creature
 When half a world for you are awake

What swain is this that rings so early
 Under my window by the dawn

It is one dear nymph that loves you dearly

Therefore in pity ease my pain

Shevun

Softly else you'll wake my mother
No tales of love she lets me hear
Go tell your passion to some other
Or whisper softly in my ear

Hermin

How can you bid me love another
Or rob me of your beauteous charms
'Tis time you were weaned from your mother
You're fitter for a lovers arms.

The
Damsel's Tragedy: Or The
Cruel Mother-in-Law.

Indulgent parents dear, Pray now attend
To this Relation her, Witch I have pen'd,
A Deeper Tragedy, you never knew, for why,
A Mother's Cruelty Ruin'd her Son.

The Darling of her heart and chief delight
Mine but the bleeding part with
here I write

And you with me will say alas! It well
day
Two lovers sad decay Calls for our tears

This youth ³ of whom I treat
 was by descent
 A Squire most compleat
 and as he went
 To court a merchants maid
 his mother often said
 Why will you thus degrade
 our family

4
 Will not a lady gay
 well qualify'd
 With wealth and Beauty pray
 serve for your Bride
 But you must needs adore
 one born of parents poor
 I'll never own you more
 If you proceed

5
 Dear mother say not so
 do not despise
 My love for well I know
 her charm in eyes
 More rich then Rubies are
 shes wealthy being fair
 No Lady can compare
 With my true Love

She's worthy of my love
 Do not disdain
 My dear my Turtle Dove
 I court no gain
 Has she as poor as Job
 I in a Royal Robe
 And Lord of all the globe
 she should be mine

7

Now when she understood
 his love was true
 She sought this Damsel's blood
 envious grew
 Said she I'll have her life
 ear she shall be his wife
 Therefore a bloody knife
 she did provide

8

For this inhuman act
 which she designed
 Could either Jew or Turk
 with bloody mind
 Ever have acted so

against a Damsel no
 For she did friendship show
 that she might well

The chose a proper time
 as you shall hear
 For to commit this crime
 when none was near
 Her son to London went
 she to this maiden sent
 Seeming with sweet content
 to walk with her

10
 The maid with cheerfull heart
 then come with speed
 Not thinking that her part
 had been to bleed
 His mother spoke up first
 and after good did thirst
 Sayind dear child you must
 go walk with me

11
 And then without delay
 madam said she
 I joy to think I may
 admitted be
 I walk a broad with you
 Poor heart she little knew
 What sorrow would ensue
 Death was at hand

Near to a silent grove
 they did repair
 All thier discourse was love
 till they came there
 But soon she chang'd the scene
 and show'd a bloody spleen
 Madam what do you mean
 the damsel cry'd

What I mean you shall find
 before we part
 This very knife's design'd
 to pierce your heart
 You have ensnare'd my son
 his heart was quickly won
 I'll undo all that's done
 here in this place

She fell upon her knees
 seeing the knife
 Dear madam if you please
 Spare but my life
 I'll make this promise here
 if you will set me clear
 Your son I'll ne'er come near
 Twilkt I have breath

No more you shan't she cry'd
I'll make all sure
Down by this river side
you must endure
Instead of cupids dart
one fatal minutes smart
This said unto her heart
she stabb'd her breast

With that the crimson blood
ran down again
At length the reeking flood
the grass did stain
Her cheeks so fair and red
now hang'd as pale as lead
With bushes covered
here was she left

A dolefull sacrifice
through love she fell
No mourning obsequies
no passing bell
No solemn funeral
none to lament her fall
Till her true love did call
for her at last

PART II.

Now with a bleeding heart
and melting tear
Mind but the second part
alas your ears
Will soon invaded be
with a new tragedy
The squires destiny you
soon shall hear

At his returning home
late in the night
He went to see his love
his heart's delight
But coming to that place
alas in woful care
Tears trickled down his face
for this fair maid

Who had ben lost e'er since
he went they said
Although with diligence
Search had been made
All the whole country round
she was not to be found
With sorrows compass'd round
the squire stood

Sighing and nothing spoke
 fill'd with surprise
 At length the silence broke
 and thus he cries
 I shall not long endure
 my love is past all cure
 Was she alive I'm sure
 she would be here

Curs'd be that wicked hand
 that gave the blow
 Either by sea or land
 for well I know
 My dearest love is dead
 I am discomfited
 All joys are from me fled
 Ah woe is me

He took his chamber strait
 where all alone
 In tears he did relate
 his griefs unknown
 Praying continually
 that a discovery
 Of this sad tragedy
 might soon be made

As he bamenting lay
 late in the night
 The room appeared like day
 all over light

Three bitter groans he heard
 and then a ghost appear'd
 From head to foot besmear'd
 with purple gore

The apparition made
 to his bed side
 He being not afraid
 to it he cry'd
 O what unhappy fate
 makes you unfortunat.
 The spirit did relate
 all that was past

Though in a silent wood
 my body lies
 Here I appear in blood
 before your eyes
 Your cruel mother she
 wrought my sad destiny
 Had you not loved me
 all had been well

Then with a groan or two
 vanish'd away
 Leaving the squire who

Lamenting lay
 With many a bitter tear
 till Day light did appear
 Then call'd his mother dear
 into the room

Oh! worst of woman kind
 what have you done
 Do you through murder find
 plagues for your son
 You have destroy'd my love
 which will my ruin prove
 By all the powers above
 I cannot live

Are you in frantic fits
 what do you mean
 Or quite beside your wits
 fill'd with the spleen
 What makes you rave and tear
 like one in deep despair
 Dear mother I declare
 you are the cause

Come death be kind to me
 my vitals seize
 Why should I live to see
 such grief as these
 With that his sword he drew
 and thrust his body through
 crying dear mother you
 have ruin'd me

Now when she saw her son
 dead on the floor
 She gave a deadly shriek
 servants therefore

Come running up a main
but help was all in vain
The squire he was slain
no life was left

The cruel mother she
soon did confess
Her bloody cruelty her
her wicked ness
Said she this is the knife
with which I had her life
The same shall end the strife
so stabb'd her self

This cruel mother through
ambitious pride
Caused her son to rue
three persons dy'd
Let this a warning be
to high and low degree
Love where it can't be free
tortures the mind

Push about the Bowl boys

Push about the Bowl boys
Let us leave all meaner joys
Push about the Bowl boys
Drowning every sorrow

Hence away reflections rude.

Dull care was made for solitude

And should austere advice intrude

We'll bid him call to morrow

He who balks his glass boys

Half his real bliss destroys

He who balks his glass boys

Is a sorry fellow -

For wine with mirth will fill the slave

Wine will make the coward brave

And the very meaking knave

As fine as any fellow

Push about the Bowl boys

Wisdom at the bottom lies

Push about the Bowl boys

Here's no time for thinking

Let us with our hands & hearts unite

To do ourselves and bumpers right

The business of this very night

Consists alone in drinking

Give us each a lass boys

One who most our minds employs

Give us each a lass boys

Modest but complying

One whose soul is formed for bliss

Who loves to kill to coo and kill

And cannot see what harm it is

To save a swain from dying

Here to our noble selves boys

Length of days and lasting joys

Here to our noble selves boys

The toast will bear repeating.

Before I bid a last adieu
 Heres to every heart that's sound & true
 So heres to you to you and you
 Till our next happy meeting,

Batchelors of every Station.

Batchelors of every station
 Mark this thing a true relation
 Which in brief to you I'll bring
 Never was a stranger thing

Loyal lovers most adoring
 You shall find its worth your hearing
 When love takes the deepest root
 Yielding gold and pearls to boot.

Such a noble disposition
 Had a lady with submission
 She was conquer'd after all
 How it was declare I shall

She being at a noble wedding
 Near the famous town of Breding
 A young gentle man there she saw
 Who belonged to the law

About him she did enquire
 Him so much she did admire
 Who he was and where he dwelt
 Such was the hott flames she felt

It being told this youthful lady
 Call'd her coath that being ready
 Homeward straight she did return
 Still her heart in flames did burn

Night and morning for a season
 In the closet she would reasen
 By herself and often said
 Why has love my heart betray'd

I that have so many slighted
 Am at last as well we quited
 For my griefs is not a few
 Now I find what love can do

He that has my heart in keeping
 Though I for his sake lie weeping
 Little knows the griefs I feel
 But I'll try it out with steel

I'll a letter write and send him
 And appoint where I'll attend him
 Within the grove without delay
 By the dawning of the day

Early in one summers morning
 When bright phebus was a dawning
 Every bower with its beams
 This young lady came it seems

At the bottom of the mountain
 Near a pleasant cheerfull fountain
 There she left her gilded coach
 Whilst to the grove she did approach

Then she with her mark and walking
 There she met this young lawyer talking
 With a friend whom he had brought
 Straight she ask'd him whom he sought

I am challeng'd by a gallant
 And behold to try my tallant
 Who it is I cannot say
 But I hope to shew him play

It was I that did invite you
 Wed me sir or else I'll fight you
 Underneath this shady tree
 Therefore take your choice said she

You shall find I do not vapour
 See I have brought my rusty rapier
 Therefore chuse you which you will
 Wed with me or try your skill

He cry'd madam pray what mean you
 In my life I ne'er have seen you
 Pray unmark your visage then
 And I'll tell you yes or no

I will not my face uncover
 Till those marriage knots are over
 Therefore take your choice said she
 Either fight or wed with me

Step within this pleasant bower
 With your friend one single hour
 Strive your thoughts to reconcile
 I will ponder her the while

Whilst this charming lady waited
 This young bachelor consulted
 What was best for to be done
 Quoth his friend the hazard run

If my judgement may be trusted
 Wed her for you can't be worsted
 If she's rich you will rise to fame
 If she's poor you are the same

He consented to be married
 In her coach they all were carried
 To the church without delay
 By the dawning of the day

Little pretty Cupid hover
 Round her eyes her face was covered
 With her mask he took her thus
 Just for better or for worse

She call'd her coach that being ready
 This young lawyer and his lady
 Rode together till they came
 To a house of state and fame

Which appeared like a castle
 Where you might behold a parcell
 Of young cedars tall and straight
 Just before the palace gate

Hand and hand they walk'd together
 To a hall or parlour rather
 Which was beautiful and faire
 All alone she left him there

There he sat like one amazed
 Round the precious room he gazed
 Which was richly beautify'd
 But alas he had lost his bride

There was hooping laughing gearing
 All within the Lawyer's hearing
 But his bride he could not see
 Would I were at home quoth he

He began to be melancholy
 Says the steward brisk and jolly
 Friend I pray how came you here
 Thou have some design I fear

He replys dear loving master
 You shall meet with no disaster
 Through my means in any case
 Madam brought me to this place

Then this lady which had fill'd him
 With such fears she well beheld him
 Through a window where she I went
 Pleased at this pleasant jest

When she had herself attired
 In rich robes to be admired
 Like a morning angel bright
 She appeared in his sight

Sir my servants have related
 That you have some hours waited
 In my parlour tell me who
 In my house you ever knew

Madam if I have offended
 I was more than I intended
 A young lady brought me here
 That is true said the my dear

I can be no longer cruel
 To my joy and only jewell
 Thou art mine and I am thine
 Heart and hand I do resign

Now he is rais'd to rich attire
 Not inferior to a squire
 Thus you see he is rais'd to fame
 But I can't relate his name

~~~~~ Song ~~~~~

Attend to my song before it be long  
 And in freedom and friendship agree  
 There is no foreign band that shall  
 us command  
 For americans love to be free my brave  
 boys for americans love to be free  
 Neither england nor france  
 Shall on us advance  
 For americans love to be free  
 Neither england nor france  
 Shall on us advance  
 For americans love to be free  
 my brave boys  
 For americans love to be free

Horatio.

Our fathers of old if the truth has been told  
 Braved the rage of the wind and the waves  
 Sweet freedom to reap they wos'd over the deep  
 That they nor their sons should be slaves  
 my brave boys that they nor their sons  
 should be slaves

Neither England nor France &c.

This is the land that's at freedom's command  
 In which freedom it did raise  
 Freedom moved every tongue with that  
 proffiting song

Saying americans ne'er shall be slaves  
 my brave boys

Saying americans ne'er shall be slaves  
 Neither England nor France &c.

This birth right we hold and it never  
 Shall be sold

But in secret we'll maintain to our graves  
 Before we'll comply we'll gallantly die  
 Rather die than submit to be slaves  
 my brave boys

Rather die than submit to be slaves  
 Neither England nor France &c.

Like the beasts of the wood we ramble for food  
 We live in the deserts and caves  
 We live poor as Job on the skirts of the globe  
 Rather die than submit to be slaves

my brave boys

Rather die than submit to be slaves  
 Neither England nor France &c.

# Brisk Henry and Ruth

A seaman in Dover of excellent parts  
 With wisdom and learning hath conquer'd  
 the hearts

Of many a damsel of beauty so bright  
 To you this new ditty in brief I will write

To shew you the turning and winding  
 of fate

With sorrows and troubles so many a great  
 See how he was blst with his true love -  
 at last

When all the rough storms of his sor-  
 rows was past

And now to be brief I will tell you the truth  
 A beautiful lady her name it was with  
 A Squire's young daughter who lived in Kent  
 And all his hearts treasure was joy & content

Unknown to her parents in private they met  
 And many love lessons did oft times repeat  
 With kisses and tender embraces likewise  
 She granted him love so he gained the prize

Said she I'll consent to be thy sweet bride  
 What ever becomes of my fortune memory'd

Frown of my parents I never will fear  
But freely go through this world for my dear

A jewel he gave her in token of love  
And swore by the secret powers above  
To wed the next morning but they were  
betray'd

And all by the means of a treacherous maid  
Who told her dear parents that they were  
agreed

In which they both fell in a passion & said  
Before our dear daughter a ramon shall have  
We had rather follow her corpse to the grave

This lady straightway to her chamber was confin'd  
Where she did continue with sorrow of mind  
And so was her love for the loss of his dear  
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe

Long time having mourned for his love and  
delight

Then under her window he came in the night  
And sung forth his ditty my dearest fair  
farewell

For I in this nation no longer will dwell

Soon after brish Henery entered on board  
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford

And brought him safe to the Kingdom of Spain  
There he with a merchant long time did remain

He finding him ever right faithful & just  
Preferred him to places of honour and trust  
He made him as great as his heart could request  
For want of his Ruth he with grief was o'erst

He made him as great as his heart could conceal  
With honour and riches no pleasures could yield  
In private he often would weep and lament  
For Ruth a fair beautifull lady in Fient

Whilst he was lamenting the loss of his dear  
A lady in Spain before him did appear  
Adrest with her jewels costly and gay  
Who earnestly craved his favours that day

Says the gentle sir I am deeply in sore  
And you are the person whom I prize above  
The greatest of thousands that ever was known  
O! pity my tears and my sorrowfull moan

I pity your sorrowfull tears we reply'd  
I wish I was worthy to make you my bride  
For lady your grandeur is greater than mine  
Therefore I am fearfull you will not resign

Dear lady ne'er set your affections on me  
You are fitter some person of higher degree

That is able to bare up your honour & fame  
I am a poor seaman from England I came

A man of mean fortune whose substance is small  
I have nothing wherewith to maintain thee withall  
Fair Lady according to honour and state  
For this is the truth which I freely relate

This lady then lovingly squeezed his hand  
And said with a smile ever blest be the hand  
That bread such a noble brave seaman as thee  
I value not riches thou art welcome to me

My parents are dead I have riches untold  
Besides in possession a million of gold  
You shall be lord of all that I have  
Grant me your pleasure which I earnestly crave

With sorrowfull tears to himself he replys  
I am courted with beauty and riches likewise  
This love may I have though of Ruth I'm denyng  
I were foye he consented to make her his bride

This lady she clothed glorious and great  
With noble deportment both wesp her <sup>strait</sup> & ~~thair~~  
Which charmed the innocent eyes of his love  
And aided the second new flame of his love

Then married they were without longer delay  
And now we will leave them both glorious & gay  
To speake of fair Ruth who with sorrow was left

At home with her parents of concord bereft

Now when this bruit Henry had gotten the share  
 They kept her confined for a twelve month or more  
 And then they were pleased to set her at large  
 By laying upon her a desperate charge

To fly from a sailor as she would from death  
 She promised she would with a trembling breath  
 But mark well hereafter the truth you shall hear  
 She soon found a way for to follow her dear

She pack'd up her gold and silver also  
 In seaman's apparel away she did go  
 She soon found a master with whom she agreed  
 To carry her over the ocean with speed

Now when she arrived at the Kingdom of Spain  
 From City to City she traveled the maine  
 Enquiring of every place for her love  
 Who had been gone from her this year and above

As gazing she walked along in the street  
 Her love and his lady she happened to meet  
 All in such a garb as she never had seen  
 She look'd like an angel or beautiful Queen

With sorrowfull tears she turned aside  
 My jewel is gone I shall never be his bride  
 But never the less though my hopes are in vain  
 I never will return to fair England again

But here in the City a service I'll find  
 Which will be a comfort and joy to my mind  
 To see him some times though he think  
 Since he hath alady of noble degree

While here in the City fair Ruth did abide  
 'S mi beautiful Lady she suddenly dy'd  
 Altho he was left in possession of all  
 The tears from his eyes in abundance did fall

Whilst he was expressing his sorrowful moan  
 Fair Ruth came unto him and made her self known  
 He started to see her it seemed not ~~coy~~  
 And said my sorrows are mingled with joy

The time of his mourning he kept her in <sup>ain</sup> ~~sp~~  
 Then he return'd to fair England again  
 With thousands of millions which they did possess  
 Glorious and great was fair Ruth in her dress

And when from the sea to fair Dover they came  
 With Ruth and abundance of presents of fame  
 They all did appear both splendid and gay  
 As though it had been a Coronation day

And when he had took up his lodgings behind  
 He stripp'd off his coat of embroidered gold  
 And presently borrowed a mariners cut  
 That with her parent might have some <sup>dispute</sup>

To them with obedience he modestly said  
 Pray where is my jewel that innocent maid

Whose amorous beauty doth thousands excell  
I fear by your weeping that all is not well

She is gone! She is gone! She is utterly lost  
We have not heard from her this twelvemonth almost  
Which makes us distract with sorrow and care  
And drown us with tears at the point of despair

I am sorry to hear these sad tidings he crys  
So are her friends her dear father replys  
I heartily wish she had been married to you  
And all these sharp sorrows we had not gone through,

Brisk Henry made him this answer again  
I am newly come home from the Kingdom of Spain  
From whence I have brought a beautiful bride  
And am to be married to morrow he cry'd

If you will come to my wedding said he  
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be  
They promis'd they would and accordingly came  
Not thinking to meet such persons of fame

All deck'd with their jewels rubies and pearls  
Their equal companions of Nobles and Earls  
Fair Ruth and her love as gay as the rest  
And in their marriage was happily blest

And when they returned from Church to an Inn

The Father and Mother of Ruth did begin  
 To know their own daughter by a certain mouth  
 Although she was clothed in garments of gold

With transports of joy they flew to the bride  
 O where have you been our dear daughter  
 From us you went they cry'd  
 Your sorrowful absence has grieve'd us full sore  
 Thus fearing always we should never see  
 you more

Dear parents see said many hazards I've run  
 To bring home my love and your dutiful son  
 Receive him with joy for 'tis very well known  
 He needs not your gold he has enough of his own

Her Father replys as he merrily smil'd  
 He has brought home enough if he has brought  
 home my Child  
 A thousand times welcome you are I declare  
 Whose presence disperseth my sorrow & care

Then seven long weeks in fearing they spent  
 The bells in the stepler they merrily went  
 And many rich presents they sent to the  
 poor

The like of this wedding was never before

# Fortunate Lovers.

et seaman of Plymouth sweet William  
 by name  
 At wooing to beautifull Susan  
 he came  
 At length he obtained her love  
 and god will  
 And likewise her father admired  
 him still

Her mother was likewise as well satisfid  
 The day was appointed the knot  
 should be tied  
 All friends were invited byt see  
 by the way  
 Sweet Susan the ricken'd and  
 languishing lay

They used their endeavours to raise  
 her again  
 By learned physician whose skill  
 was in vain  
 A week she continued sweet William  
 did grieve  
 Because of his love must needs take  
 his leave

As being commanded to sail the  
next wind

Then leaving his sorrowfull jewell behind  
He said we'll be married when I come again  
If you by good fortune alive should remain

So long as I live I'll prove true to  
my love

And Susan I hope you as constant  
will prove

Never doubt it sweet William my

jewel said she  
There's none in this world shall enjoy me  
but me

A tribute of tears at their parting

Sweet William the mother and languishing  
maid

And likewise the father was grieved to  
the heart

Yet nevertheless for a time they must  
part

Now to the ocean sweet William is gone  
Where now we will leave him and shew

you wherein  
How base and deceitful her parents  
did prove

Who counsil their child to be false to  
her love

Now when this sweet damsel had  
languishing lain

Near five or six months she recovered  
again

Whose beauty was brighter than ever  
before

So that there were many her charms  
did adore

All did account her that came in her way  
Her name through the neighbouring  
village did fly

To be the most beautiful creature on earth  
Although but a fishermans daughter  
by birth

So that she was courted by none of the  
worst

A wealthy young farmer came to her  
the first

And call'd her his jewel the joy of  
his life

She said pray begone I'm another mans wife

By the solemn vow in the sacred place  
If I should be false may I live in disgrace  
The sharpest correction my punishment  
be

And therefore begone from my presence  
quoth she

Then came a young squire and call'd  
her his dear

And said he would settle two hundreds  
a year

Upon her if that she would be his  
sweet bride  
I cannot I dare not you must be denied  
Then unto her father and mother  
he went  
Who having discover'd his noble intent  
They being ambitious of honor and gain  
They strove to persuade her but all  
was in vain  
Dear parent said she observe what  
I say  
In things that are lawful I'm  
bound to obey  
But when you would have me  
persuaded for gold  
I dare not submit to the truth  
I will hold  
They found it was then but a folly  
to strive  
So long as she knew that her love was  
alive  
To bring to her mind any other but he  
Therefore the young Squire and they  
did agree  
To send the young beautiful creature  
away  
Along with a lady to Holland and  
they  
Would tell her love at his return  
she was dead

So that he some other young damsel  
might wed

Then would it be lawful to marry  
the Queen

Who did her fair beautiful features  
admire

This was their contrivance to Hollam  
she went

Poor creature she knew not their  
crafty intent

But since that her parents would  
needs have it so

In point of obedience she yielded to go  
Where now we will leave her and treat  
of her love

Who had been gone from her two years  
and above

Williams long voyage they came to a  
rich place

Where he had been but a very short  
space

Eve fortune did favour him so that  
he brought

A bargain worth hundreds and  
thousands his thought

Then laden with riches he came to the  
shore

Said he my dear jewel whom I do adore

I will go and visit before that I rest  
 My heart has been many months  
 lodg'd in her breast  
 Now when he to the house of her  
 father he came  
 He call'd for his Susan sweet Susan  
 by name  
 But straight her dear mother did  
 make this reply  
 'Tis long since my daughter did languish  
 and die  
 His heart at these tidings was ready  
 to break  
 For some minutes he had not the  
 power to speak  
 At length with a flood of salt tears  
 he reply'd  
 Farewell to the pleasures and joys  
 of a bride  
 My sorrows are more than I'm able  
 to bear  
 Is Susan departed! sweet Susan the fair!  
 Then none in this world will I marry  
 since she  
 Is laid in the grave that's worthy of me  
 Their presence he quitted with watery  
 eyes

And went to his father and mother  
 likewise  
 His own loving parents and with them  
 he left  
 His wealth because he of his love  
 was bereft  
 Resolved I am for to travel again  
 Perhaps it may wear off my sorrow and  
 pain  
 Take care of my riches 'tis treasure  
 unknown  
 And if I return not then all is your  
 own  
 But if should I live to see you once  
 more  
 I make no great doubt but the same  
 you'll restore  
 Ay that I will say the dear father  
 reply'd  
 So for his long voyage he straight did  
 provide  
 He enter'd on board and away he did  
 steer  
 The seas they were calm and the  
 elements clear  
 At first but at length a sad storm  
 did arise  
 Black clouds they covered and darken'd  
 the shire  
 The seas they did foam and the billows  
 did roar

89  
At length they were drove on the Hollander's  
Shore.

Their ship was so shatter'd and torn up

That they on their voyage could not  
indeed

Now while they laid by their good  
safely proceed

Will went to the Hague and walk'd  
ship to repair

And as he was walking along in the  
here and there

His beautiful Susan he happened to  
street

He started as soon as her face he  
meet

With wonder and joy he was instantly  
beheld

Oh! tell me he said ye blst powers  
fill'd

Do my eyes deceive me or is it  
above

They say she's been buried a twelvemonth  
my love

This is my dear jewel on her charming  
almost

Then strait he run to her and found  
ghost

it was she

Then none in this world was so happy

My dearest said William as he  
ask! why  
wert thou raam

90. What has brought thee so far <sup>as</sup>  
from thy home  
The story she told him with watery  
eyes  
Concerning the Squire and farmer  
likewise  
They courted me long but I still said  
them nay  
And therefore my parents they sent  
me away  
To wait on a lady with whom I am <sup>now</sup>  
Because I refus'd to be false to my  
vow  
He presently told her of all his affairs  
His visitors his troubles his sorrow  
and cares  
And how he was going a-vige for to  
make  
He did not know whether and all for  
her sake  
But as he was sailing the weather  
grey soul  
The winds they did roar and the billows  
did roll  
Yet nevertheless on this turbulent  
sea  
The waves were so kind they convey'd  
me to the  
I'll unto thy lady and now let her  
know

Thou shalt not serve her any longer 91

With me to fair plymouth where thou  
but go  
shalt be seen  
As gay as herself or a beautiful  
queen  
He made a dispatch and soon brought

She saw they were calm and the winds  
her away  
So that in short time to fair Plymouth

And now he was clearly for hanging  
they came

And now we'll prepare for the  
her name

Her father and mother invited shall  
be

He told his own father and mother  
that there

By fortunes kind favour he had  
met with his dear

Then onto her parents he hasted at  
last

And told them the height of his  
sorrow was past

For since you say Susan your daughter  
is dead

I have found a beauty with whom I  
shall wed

And therefore I come to bring you the  
news  
I hope that one favour you will not  
refuse

Honour me then with your presence  
 And come to my weding tomorrow's  
 They promis'd to come and were pleas'd  
 To think <sup>they</sup> bravely had acted their  
 How now says the mother I have my  
 We'll call home our daughter to marry  
 The very next morning sweet susan was  
 In sumptuous apparel more gay than  
 The richest of silks that the world  
 Embroidered with gold which he sent  
 With diamonds and rubies her vesture  
 Scarce ever were mortals more glorious  
 And likewise her modesty suited her  
 Now with the bride down to dinner  
 I pray  
 the day  
 to the heart  
 part  
 desire -  
 the Squire  
 In vest  
 the rest  
 could afford  
 from on board  
 did shine  
 divine  
 and great  
 State  
 they sat

Her parents and friends who were lovingly

met

This stately apparel had attire'd her

so

That her father and mother her face  
did not know

A health to the bride round the table  
did pass

The mother of Susan then taking  
the glass

Who did as the rest and spoke up  
with a grace

My daughter if living had been  
in her place

The bride at her saying then modestly  
smiled

So think that her mother knew not

Soon after the bride she arose from  
her own child

And fell on her knees at her dear

I am your own daughter who you  
parents feet

Did tend

To Holland but heaven has stood  
my good friend

And plac'd me secure in the arms of  
my love  
For which I may thank the best

The father and mother with blushed  
powers above  
The Squire was in earnest to make  
But since it is so order'd by Heavens  
reply'd  
you his bride  
Decrees

We grant you our blessing so wise  
from your knees  
Then William spoke up with a  
Grace

A fig for the Squire bring him  
bright to my face  
For crowns of silver with him I'll  
let fall  
And he that holds longest shall

surely take all  
They wondered how he such riches  
obtained

Yet still they believ'd it was true  
Because they appeared so gallant  
With music and dancing they finish'd  
the day

# The Mayor's only son.

These lines were composed by Himself on the  
melancholy Occasion. . . . .

[He was a Native of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts]

Come all young People far and near  
A lamentation you shall hear  
Of a young man and his true love  
Whom he ador'd and priz'd above  
All riches in this world below

That's what you may most truly know  
Alas! 'twas of a scholar bright  
In learning he took great delight  
He was a Mayor's only Son  
It was for love he was undone

He was eighteen years of age  
When first in love he did engage  
His father oft to him did say

My dearest son do me obey

You know she is of low degree

And come of a poor family

Why after her then will you go

I will prove your fatal overthrow

The young man made him this reply

What doth all riches signify?

Dives was rich as we do read

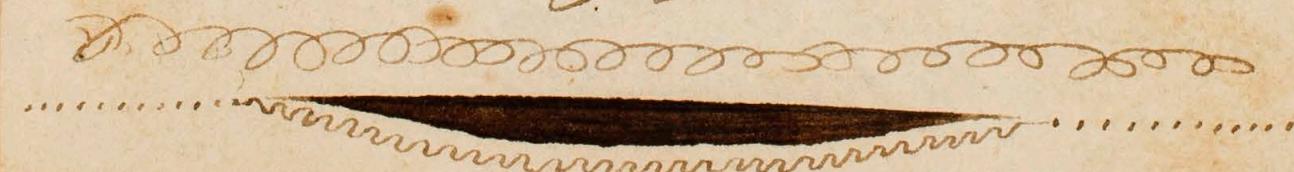
Far'd very sumptuously indeed

Which Doves dy'd kind sir we read  
 And went to misery indeed  
 Lazarus dy'd we read also  
 So Abraham's bosom he did go  
 I'd rather sir my true love have  
 And always live with her in a cave  
 Than to have all riches here below  
 And not enjoy my love also  
 His mother said my son be still  
 It's in vain you do set up your will  
 I'll adorn you with ornaments of gold  
 Riches and honours to behold  
 All that we have we'll on you bestow  
 If after her you will not go  
 The young man man made her this reply  
 Gold and silver I don't value  
 She is the riches whom I adore  
 And sure I shal forevermore  
 When he was twenty years of age  
 In the ministry he did engage  
 He'd a call at Rochester to preach  
 And there the Gospel he did teach  
 They set by him exceeding high  
 And settled him in the ministry  
 His parents never would be still  
 But daily they set up their will  
 One night he went his true love to see  
 Hoping to enjoy her company  
 Her father unto him did say  
 Kind sir forever stay away  
 My daughter is as good as you

Soever bid my house adieu  
 Your parents they will not bestill  
 For thus they have set up their will  
 So turn'd this young man out of doors  
 And charg'd him to come there no more  
 Thus this couple they did part  
 Which prov'd the means to break their heart  
 This damsel to her chamber did take  
 Her solitary moans to make  
 She often us'd to sigh and cry  
 Saying Lord prepare me to die  
 \* And go into eternity  
 I soon must leave this world behind  
 His richer may new master find  
 At length her body did decay  
 At length her flesh it pin'd away  
 For many doctors they did send  
 And much upon her they did spend  
 But all physicians were in vain  
 For yet in love they did remain  
 Unto her brother then said she  
 I long once more my love to see  
 Her brother unto him did go  
 And let him of her sorrows know  
 The young man unto her did go  
 When he the matters came to know  
 Madam what makes your courage fail  
 Madam what makes you look so pale  
 Your cheeks were like the cherry red  
 Methinks they're turn'd as pale as lead  
 \* I cannot live but I must die

Your eyes as black as any stoe  
 Down to the grave methinks they'll go  
 Out in these words she soon did break  
 Saying kind sir<sup>2</sup> its for your sake  
 And God forgive our parents dear  
 That have been cruel and severe  
 I can forgive them said she  
 I'm going to a long eternity  
 I trust I am prepar'd to die  
 I trust that I shall reign on high  
 And when I leave this world behind  
 I hope a better world to find  
 Farewell my father and mother dear  
 You have been cruel and severe  
 And God forgive you for the same  
 For you have been greatly to blame  
 Farewell my brothers and sisters dear  
 See that you all live in gods fear  
 See that in secret oft each prays  
 Mind what your dying sister says  
 Farewell my true and loving mate  
 No longer for you can I wait  
 Death doth call and I must go  
 And leave you in this world below  
 If you follow the work of ministry  
 See that a faithful man you be  
 I hope we soon shall meet again  
 I hope in heaven we both shall reign  
 Her rings from her fingers she did take  
 Saying always keep them for my sake  
 And everytime these rings you see  
 Remember that I dy'd for thee

She gave a sigh and bitter weep 99  
Then dropt into a silent sleep  
She bid the world and all adieu  
And every person that she knew  
Tears down his cheeks like <sup>run</sup> fountaines  
Henry o alas ! I am undone !  
No comfort shall I ever have  
I'll go a mourning to my grave  
Next day to her burying he did go  
Dress'd in mourning from top to toe  
Soon after that distracted run  
And so forever was undone  
Come all you parents far and near  
These melancholy lines who hear  
I beg a warning you would take  
And never matches try to break  
Come all young people far and nigh  
Remember you were born to die  
Set not your hearts on things below  
For love has been my overthrow  
He wanders up and down alone  
And like a dove does daily mourn  
And he has mourn'd <sup>o</sup> love thirty year  
But never can enjoy his dear



# Sid re I or the Irish Wedding.

Sure wont you hear what roaring cheer  
 Was spent at Paddy's weding O  
 And how so gay they spent the day  
 From the Churching to the Beding O.  
 First book in hand came Father Quiper  
 The brides Dadd a bailey O  
 All figing while the merry pipes  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O

In the very moment Father Quiper heard  
 There was a widding on the carpet he  
 went to Peter O' Reiley and told him  
 of the whole affair who thrust his  
 arm up the chimney and pull'd  
 down his pipes and squat'd them  
 under his arm and blew a blast into  
 them and play'd a little bit of a  
 Sid re I and Sid re I and Sid re id re I de O

Now there war Mat. and Sturdy Pat.  
 And merry Morgan Murphy O  
 And Thurlock Maggs and Tirlock skaggs  
 M'Laughlin and Dick Durfey O  
 And then the girls rigg'd out in wiper  
 Led on by Dad O' Reiley O  
 All figging &c.

By the powers! It would have done  
 your heart good to see the little boys  
 and girls hopping over the gutters  
 two by two in couples one after an-  
 other followed by the piper who was  
 jogging on before playing up a nate  
 little bit of a - Tid ye I & c.

When Pat. was ask'd if his love would <sup>last</sup> <sub>by</sub>  
 The chances echo'd with laughter O  
 By my shoul says Pat. you may say <sup>that</sup>  
 To the end of the world and after <sup>8</sup>  
 When tenderly her hand he gripes  
 And kisses her fondly O  
 All jiggling <sup>it</sup> & c.

When the ceremony was over and  
 father Quiper told the bride she  
 was no longer Miss Kitty O'Dona-  
 van but Mistress Paddy O'Rafferty  
 to be sure Paddy didn't take hold  
 of her by the back of her neck  
 and gave her such a kiss that  
 when he took his lips away you  
 might have heard it all over the  
 chapel while the boys and girls  
 seeing so nate an example before them

all began while the piper who  
was seated near the communion table  
kept time with his - Sid're I &c.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met  
So frolicksome and frisky O  
Potatoes galore a skirrag or more  
With a flowing madder of whisky O  
Then round to be sure did'nt go the wifes  
At the brider's expence so gaily O  
All jigging &c.

For Pat. oly 'see was resolv'd to do  
the thing in a jontale way so he  
ordered in three large bowls of potatoes  
and a dish full of red herrings and  
by the powers the boys and girls  
were so hungry that while they were  
masticating the potatoes their jaws  
went faster than the piper's elbow who  
was seated in a corner playing a little  
bit of a - Sid're I &c.

And then at night O what delight  
To see them capering and dancing O  
An opera ball was nothing at all  
Compar'd to the stile of their swanning O  
And then to see old father Quiper

Beat time with his shillala O  
All jigging &c.

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By the powers of mud! If he didn't  
happen to put his thumb on the hole  
where his little finger should be to be  
sure Paddy didn't jump up from the  
throne of turf where he was sitting  
and gave him such a poult over the  
place where he took his snuff that it  
knock'd him clane into the mud.

"There's meat and drink for y," says  
he " lie there you thief of the world  
till the cows come home and let it  
learn you all the days of your life  
and forever after after if you die  
tomorrow morning before sunset that  
whenever you come to a gentaleman's  
widding his funeral or any such a  
merry making matter not to be  
playing any of your damn'd cantar-  
bles but nothing more or less than  
the nate little bit of a Tid ve Taa.

And now the knot so soaky are got  
They'll go to sleep without rocking O  
While the bridemaids fair so gravely prepare  
For throwing of the stocking O

Decadeous we'll have says father Quipes  
 Then the bride was kiss'd round jontaly O  
 While to wish them good fun the merry pipes  
 Struck up a fit so gaily O

So when the bride had determined  
 to go to bed Paddy took the candle  
 and fit them all to the door and father  
 Quipes who had been putting too much  
 whisky to his water insisted on dancing  
 home with Miss Judy O'Dogherty so  
 the piper got his bags in order and  
 away they all went capering to a  
 little bit of a-  
 Tid're I and tid're I and tid're id're I O

## New Tid're

You've heard of late how bouncing Kate  
 Was wed to brisk young Paddy O!  
 Nine months being past in wedlock fast  
 He's now become a dady O  
 Their neighbours all around them throng  
 With good old Quipes so gaily O  
 Who as he joins the festive song  
 Keeps time with his shillela O

The moment that Jemmy M'Laughlin  
heard there was an increase in Mr  
O'Kafferty's thriving family he  
sprung<sup>up</sup> from his Mount Etna of turf  
where he was diverting himself by shooting  
at crickets and after having greased  
his brogues and dusted his pipes put  
his best foot foremost for the family  
cabin of Mr O'Kafferty saluting the  
boys and girls as he approached the  
door with a sweet little bit of a  
Tid ve I and Tid ve O we.

First hands they shake then stools they  
When quick flies round the whisky O  
Old Quipper looks big pulls of his wig  
And bids them all be frisky O  
Says he since Pat has got a brat  
Lets drink his lady's health each quart  
But Fisher mind you dont get blind  
Nor drunk as David's filthy beast

For Jemmy M'Laughlin you know had  
such a terrible thirst for the guz that  
when he opened his lantern jaws  
to wet his whistle you might jump  
down his throat with fisherman's boots  
on - and as for his swallow -- if he had  
a hollow equal to it he might have made

a huntsman far the very devil himself  
and bid good bye to his Tid re I &c.

Let's have a dance the lady's cry'd  
M'Langlin come tune up your pipes  
Since Kitty's Paddy's honest bride  
A christening bring to fassher Quiper---  
Strike up Molly de Wad or Flis re say  
Or by the pigs and all that's fine  
We'll lay you paper in the straw  
Dowse them lanthorn chops of thine

Come Jemmy you quizzical drone  
of a squeaker let us see none of your  
winking or blinking at Juggy M'B.  
addery none of your sheeps eyes or  
squinting out of your calfs head  
at Moggy M'Boodershull--- strike up a  
bit of a lilt till we dance a three handed  
reel among four of us to the tune of  
Tid re I &c.

The dance being o'er than as before  
The guests were seated down again  
To see the heir--- young Paddy dear  
The lady's long'd so did the men

Dame Tattle stopt behind the rug  
 These honest souls kind hearts to cheer & an  
 And forward brought Flates pretty pup  
 Gay Paddy's son and only heir

Och! for a faithful description of  
 this little paragon of beauty.

Mr Paddy O'Kafferty Jun. Esq.----  
 his dear little noddle was as smooth  
 and as well shaped as a new peeled  
 potatoe his sweet little nose turned  
 up against the blessing of father  
 Quiper he strewed the whites of his  
 eyes like a duck in a thunder storm  
 and Jemmy O'Laughlin who is  
 always for playing his foolish  
 contrabaribs swore the young heirs  
 peepers were designed by nature to watch  
 a corner house for they squinted so  
 gracefully that they looked two ways  
 at once to the music of his Tid re Tid re.

See he we cries the mouth and eyes  
 The picture of his daddy O!

Lord what achin a nose and skin!

God love you pretty Paddy O!

Don't squeak the pipes good fatterduffies

You'll scare the darling baby O'

Should you grow up any pretty pup

An honest man you may be O

Why to be sure there's not a doubt of that  
 for his grand father and great grandfather  
 were honest men before him -- the first  
 was flogged at a cart tail for breaking  
 open a ware roop full of mill stones  
 and the second for sweating pure gold  
 off of gingerbread bicks on his  
 mothers side he could boast of  
 ancestors equal to Jeremy all laughekin  
 Who all this time was playing his  
 Fid're Iph.

### The Learned Pig.

Oh! you all must have heard of the learned  
 pig

A little one in size tho' in science very big  
 But what will you say to a pig of my own  
 To which this pig was no more than  
 a drone

For as cocklane ghost on a wainscot or post  
 With a knock or a scratch to answer  
 was wont sir

So my pig too will answer as true  
 Saying no with a snort and yes with  
 a grunt sir

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There was old Lady Wishfort a widow I wot  
Who the joys of wedlock had never forgot an  
With an old thumping colts tooth in her  
head

And thinking on the life she had  
formerly led

She says "Pray Mr swine shall a brawling  
husband soon be mine

And I be no longer a widow forlorn sir" <sup>by</sup> <sub>C</sub>

"Wee" says the hog which set her all ~~af~~  
<sup>afog</sup>

She vowed such a charming little  
pig was never born sir

Then the Parson of the Parish a very  
pious man

Says Pray Mr Pig now resolve me  
if you can

As I christen and I bury and I preach  
and I pray

And constantly keep every festival  
day

Pray shall not I be a bishop bye and bye <sup>W</sup>  
And from diocese to diocese to Canterbury  
hass sir

No says the pig the parson looking big  
Sir you are an impostor and your pig is  
but an ass son

Then Sir Guttebelly Gobblerswell who never  
baulk'd his glass

Cries 'D—me a'nt it hard for a rot that  
I must pass

And thos' I'm this abus'd eth Pig  
by my wife

Did you ever see a soberer man in your  
life

Piggy grunted so loud that that the  
rest of the crowd  
All look'd and star'd just like stuck  
pigs I vow sir

While sir Boosy in a pout tur'd  
about and kickup'd out

Why blast me but your pig's as drunk  
as David's sow sir

A French Refugee who was jealous  
of his rib

And knowing that my pig at an  
answer was glib

Says Monier Responde if ou con

Am I a cukold sir oui ou non

Weak was the reply Begar says he  
you lie

My wife to be sure no care for me  
von sig sir

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But if me wear de horn no Frenchman  
ever born  
Vill suffer to be call'd von uckold  
by a pigrin

A spinning Philosopher then standing  
Who Pythagoras doctrine held by the by  
Very gravely exclaims I can easily track  
Ametempsychosis in that pigr face  
For man is but a name and pigr but  
the same  
And in transmigration if I am not  
mistaken  
This learned pigr must be by consanguinity  
Related to the great Lord Bacon

Oh! the pigr at a joke so humorous and  
blint  
Cried week week week as loud as he  
could grunt  
Which show'd that the pigr though  
a four footed elf  
Knew his pedigree as well as Cadwallader  
himself  
And my <sup>life</sup> I pawn that when collar'd  
into brawn  
He that eats of this pigr tho' at collidge never brod  
Like an egg full of meat will with learning be  
For he'll have it in <sup>replete</sup> his belly if not in his head sir

# Tao Rag and Bob-tail

O = O = will go in Tune Learned Pig

Of high born folks other bards may sing  
Till with princes and heroes our ears  
shall ring

The theme of my song may be thought  
somewhat low

But all things have their admirers  
you know

From the nobles and dames at the court  
of St. James

To the rips in St. Giles who are call'd  
whore and rogue still

Each has a friend who attention will lend  
Then why mayn't I sing now of tag

rag and bob-tail  
Fat fat de val de.

Who are these people some one may

ask

My answer is ready and easy the task  
Not those who are counted low in degree  
Tho' possess'd of minds independant  
and free.

Who make virtue their guide and  
whose time is applied

To society's welfare for which they  
Job still

There are the great the proper of the  
State

The rest of mankind are but <sup>Tag rag</sup>  
and bob-tail

Fal fal xii

Vain foolish mortals puff'd up with pride  
Of riches may boast and the poor deride  
Tis wisdom alone that makes out the man  
The maxim is old and deny it who can  
Then tho we be poor of this we are sure  
If learning and virtue be stor'd in our nob  
still

Iho the rich ones may frown and affect  
to look down

Tis not we but they who are <sup>Tag rag</sup>  
and bob-tail

Fal fal xii

Let the senator talk of the nations good  
And vow for his country to shed his blood  
Let the lawyer for wit and for argument strain  
strain

And try with his quibbles to puzzle your brain  
Their end is the same impoition their aim  
In different modes each endeavours to rob still  
While the pitiful elf in his labours for self  
Still is courting the favour of <sup>Tag rag</sup>  
and bob-tail Fal fal xii

Where a lover sings in his fair ones praise  
 And invokes the muse to inspire his lays  
 When he talks of Cupid his bow and his dart  
 And describes the wounds they have made  
 in his heart

When he tells with surprise his mistress's eyes  
 Pray what is it friends, that sets him agog still  
 'Tis not her air lips cheeks or hair  
 What is it then? - 'Tis her sag rag and  
 bob-tail

Fal fal deval de.

## How Stands the Glass Around

How stands the glass around?  
 For shame ye take no care, my boys,  
 How stands the glass around?  
 Let mirth and wine abound,  
 The trumpets sound,  
 The colours they are flying, boys,  
 So light, kill, or wound,  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 On the cold ground.

45

Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why?  
Whose business 'tis to die!  
What, sighing? lie!  
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
'Tis he, you or I!  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly!

Tis but in vain,  
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—  
Tis but in vain,  
For soldiers to complain;  
Should next campaign  
Send us to him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain!  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and a kind landlady  
Cure all again.

3

# Henry's Cottage Maid

Ah! where can fly my soul's true love?  
 Sad I wander this lone grove,  
 Sighs and tears for him I see;  
 Henry is from Laura fled:  
 Thy love to me thou didst impart,  
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart;  
 But, dearest Henry! thou'rt betray'd  
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,  
 Sighing sad with nearly tears;  
 oft thy image is my theme,  
 As I wander o'er the green:  
 See! from my cheek the color flies,  
 And loves sweet hope within me dies;  
 For, dearest Henry! thou'rt betray'd  
 Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.

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# Young Roger

O mamma I long to be married,  
I hope you will give your consent,

I'm thirteen years old

As I have been told,  
I am since the middle of last Lent

I was fit to be married you know

Two summers and winters ago,

O the joys of a lover

I mean to discover,

Young Roger he loves me I know,

I therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,

I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

2

O what do you mean by young Roger,

11. The mother in a passion repli'd,  
A country clown,  
The spurn of the town,  
While you might be a gentleman's bride,  
I plainly will make it appear,  
Before all in fair Oxfordshire;  
You've got gold and treasure,  
And wealth without measure,  
The rent of ten thousand a year;  
Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,  
You shant marry Roger that follows the plow.

3.

O mamma I've got at my disposal,  
The rent of ten thousand and above,  
A plentiful store,  
I covet no more,

21.

give me but the man that I love ;  
Although he in mean habit goes,  
With patches perhaps on his cloaths,  
Dear mamma believe me,  
Whene'er he comes near me,  
His breath smells as sweet as a rose ;  
Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,  
I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

¶  
There is young Willy the 'squire,  
He courts you I very well know,  
He'll make you his bride,  
His joy and delight,  
In rings and fine jewels you'll go ;  
He's healthy, and walthy withal,  
He's proper, straight, comely and tall,  
He will befriend you,  
And very weell attend you,

With servant to come at your call;  
 Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,  
 You shant marry Roger that follows the plow.

A fig for young Willy the 'squire,  
 A whore he will certainly keep,  
 He'll revel and sport,  
 With women in court,  
 While I in my chamber do weep,  
 Lamenting my sad overthrow,  
 Young Roger he'll never do so;  
 Of the joys of a lover,  
 I mean to discover,  
 Young Roger he loves me I know,  
 Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,  
 I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

O the plow is the staff of the nation,  
 And finally prospers the throne,  
 By every hand,  
 It fattens the land,  
 And makes plenty 'tis very well known;  
 O if I had now guineas in gold,

As much as my apron could hold,  
O, who could be quiet,  
To live without diet,  
Or who could live without food;  
Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,  
I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

Dear daughter since this is your judgment,  
Your notion I do recommend,  
For a good honest man,  
Will save all he can,  
While a rake he will willingly spend,  
Abusing his family quite,  
Dear daughter you're much in the right,  
I will not deny you,  
Let Roger stay by you,  
Since he is your joy and delight,  
(And when you are married I'll make it well known,  
I'll give Roger a plow and a farm of his own.

## Robbin,

Now Robbin, says she, since thou art <sup>my son,</sup>  
 I'll give the best council for life,  
 Then hasten away without more delay,  
 I'll warrant you'll get you a wife, you will;  
 Yes, you will, so you will,  
 I'll warrant you'll get you a wife, you will.

Then dress yourself up in your holiday suit,  
 And kiss every girl that you meet;  
 Some will look shy and take it awry,  
 And others will call you their sweet, they will —  
 Yes, they will, so they will,  
 And others will call you their sweet, they will.

Thus Robbin he mounted, and so took his leave  
 Of his mother so loving and kind,  
 With tears in his eyes he scarce could advise,  
 He's sorry to leave her behind, he is —  
 Yes, he is, so he is,  
 He's sorry to leave her behind, he is.

The first one he met upon the highway  
 Was the farmer's fair daughter nam'd Grace;  
 Something he spoke with an innocent joke,  
 She hit him a slap in the face, she did—  
 Yes she did, so she did,  
 She hit him a slap in the face, she did.

Why, Miss Grace, what do you mean  
 To strike such a gallant as I?  
 With my hollyday clothes I shine like a rose,  
 You may want such a lad till you die, you may  
 Yes you may, so you may,  
 You may want such a lad till you die, you may.

As Robbing was walking upon the highway,  
 Not minding her laughs nor her mocks,  
 He kiss'd the Priest's wife, which caused much  
 strife,

He got his feet fast in the stocks, he did—  
 Yes he did, so he did,  
 He got his feet fast in the stocks he did.

If this be the way to get me a wife,  
 I never will seek me another  
 But I will live singhe all the days of my life  
 I think I'll go home to my mother, I will  
 Yes I will so I will,  
 I think I'll go home to my mother, I will

# The New ERIN GO BRAGH. or, the Exile of Erin's return home

Over the hills of Slieve-Galen,  
As home-ward he wander'd,  
The exile of Erin oft paus'd with delight;  
So dear recollections his soul he surrender'd  
As each well known object return'd to  
his sight;  
Here was the brook, oft he leapt so light  
hearted,  
Here was the bower, where with love  
first he smartee,  
And here was the old oak, where  
when he departee,  
He carv'd his ~~last~~ farewell, 'twas—  
Erin go bragh

His heart, wild, was beating - when  
 softly assai'd him,  
 The sound of a harp - oh he listend  
 with joy,  
 What quickening emotions! his visage  
 And real'd than,  
 And the fire of his country beam'd  
 strong from his eye:  
 A sweet female voice, soon the lov'd  
 strains attended,  
 'Twas dear to his lone soul, that o'er it  
 suspended  
 With each note the spirits of feeling ascend-  
 Sung soft <sup>ec</sup> to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet num-  
 "Now b<sup>rs</sup> doom'd far from me and his country  
 "Perhaps <sup>to mourn</sup> in the cold bed of death e'en he  
 "Ah, my soul! canst thou think he  
 shall never return;  
 "Yes, he shall, for he lives, and his past  
 woes redressing,  
 "His country shall hail him with  
 smiles and caref<sup>ss</sup>ing,

"And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce  
her his blessing,

"That country which wrong'd him,  
his 'Erin go bragh.'

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he  
was tender,

"And form'd was his bosom, of friend-  
ship, and love

"But call'd by his country, still swift  
to defend her

"Undaunted and fierce as the eagle  
he'd move.

"That ardent of passion, for me, which  
he pleased,

"By what female breast could it have  
been unheeded?

"The love of his country alone could  
exceed it

"Nor still his first wish was for  
'Erin go bragh'

"This harp, on these strings of the  
rouged each emotion,

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“ Unrival’d the soft tones of  
    feeling to draw  
“ She left me, the pledge of his  
    heart’s true devotion,  
“ And bade me oft strike it to Erin  
“ O’er it oft I’ve dream’d that he yet  
    in this bower,  
“ And touch’d the sad tale of his ex-  
    ile with power,  
“ Each sole glowing patriot, the  
“ Strains did devour,  
“ Struck full to the magic of Erin  
    go bragh.

“ But cease ye vain dreams! for at  
    morn still I lose him,  
“ And cease my fond hopes, for  
    my griefs must remain,  
“ No — they must not!” he cried, and  
    rush’d to her bosom —  
“ Your exile’s return’d to Erin again,  
“ Now fall’n are the oppressors that  
    sought to destroy me;  
“ Love, friendship and Erin shall  
    henceforth employ me.”  
— “ ‘Tis himself,” he exclaim’d, “ O ye  
    pow’rs, ye o’er joy me,  
“ Then blest be my country! blest  
    Erin go bragh.”

128 How you maintain your family when most  
of them are small  
The Poor Man

O poor man, O poor man come tell  
unto me true,  
How you maintain your family,  
and how you carry them through,  
And nothing but your labour to  
maintain them all.

'Tis sometimes I do reap and sometimes  
I do sow,  
Sometimes hedging, sometimes ditching,  
such work I often do;  
There's nothing comes amiss to me, I  
harrow and I plow;  
I maintain my family by sweat of  
my brow.

Early in the morning, I'm always  
in good cheer,  
With a flail in my hand and a  
bottle of good beer;

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With a flail in my hand  
and a bottle of good beer,  
I live as happy as those  
worth ten thousand a year.

My wife she's always willing  
to hall in the glothe,  
We live like lambs together,  
and we never do provoke;  
Altho' it may be possible  
that we do now live poor,  
Yet we can feed the beggars  
that come to our door.

When I come home at night,  
so weary then I be,  
Then I take up my youngest child  
and dance it on my knee,  
The rest all come around me  
and make a prattling noise,  
And this is all the comfort  
a poor man enjoys.

This nobleman hearing what  
this poor man did say,  
He invited him to dine with him  
the very next day,

He invited him his wife  
and children all to bring,  
And in token of favor  
he gave him a ring.

Quite early the next morning,  
this poor man arose,  
And dress'd up all his children  
in the finest of their cloathes,  
Then the poor man and his wife  
And his seven children small,  
They all went to dine at  
at this nobleman's hall.

And then after dinner  
he soon did let him know,  
What into this poor man's hand,  
he had then to bestow,  
Twas forty or fifty good acres of his land,  
He gave him in writing  
and sign'd his own hand.

Saying on this you may live  
 happy all your life,  
 Therefore I do entreat you  
 to be kind unto your wife;  
 Be kind unto your wife  
 and children all around,  
 There's few of those noble man  
 that are to be found.

---

### WEDLOCK.

Of all the various states of life,  
 Sure wedlock is the best,  
 For in a faithful loving wife,  
 A man is surely blest.

Of all the joys this world can give,  
 All kinds of earthly bliss  
 There's none can equal us if we  
 The matrimonial kiss.

How sweetly glides the time away  
 When sitting by his wife  
 The happy spouse with joy can  
 Come kiss me. My dear life —

The worldly cares perplex'd gall  
And threaten rude Alarms  
The married man forgets them all  
When in his wif's dear Arms

Not hyblat. farn poetic grove  
With all its fabled sweets  
Can equal those of wedded love  
Betwixt the laudfull sheets

How joyous is the happy dad  
How swells his heart with glee  
When little Poll or Sall or Ned  
He dancelles on his knee

And now to pay me for my song  
Pray all your wishes join  
That eve the time be very long  
Some sweet girl may be mine

# OWEN

Welsh

Tho' far beyond the mountains  
The looks so distant here  
To fight his countries battle  
Last May Day went my dear

Ah! well shall I remember  
With bitter sighs the day  
Why Owen diest thou leave me  
At home why did I stay

Ah well shall I remember &c

Oh cruel were parents  
Who did my slight restrain  
And I was cruel hearted  
Who did at home did remain

With him I live Contented  
I go journies far away  
Why Owen diest thou leave me  
And home why did I stay

With him I love Contented &c

Continued — — —

To market at Langevillin  
Each morning do I go — — —  
But how to strike at Bargain  
No longer do I know

My father Chides at Evening  
My mother All the Day  
Why own Didst thou leave me  
Why own Didst I stay

My father Chides at Evening etc  
When thinking of my own  
My eyes with tears they fill  
And then my Chid's me  
Because my wheel stands still

How can I think of spinning  
While own's far away  
Why own Didst thou leave me  
At home why did I stay

How can I think of spinning etc

Oh should it please kind heaven  
To shield my love from harm  
To Clasp him to my bosom  
Would every bare diarm

But Ah! I fear far distant  
Twill be that happy day  
Why Owen didt/ho leave me;  
At home why didst I stay

But Ah! I fear

---

## Jemmy & Nancy

---

Lovers I pray lend an ear to my story,  
Take an example by this constant pair;  
How love a young Damsel did blast in her love  
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.

She was a rich merchant's only daughter,

Heiress to fifteen hundred pound aye,  
A young man he courted her to be her jewel,  
The son of a gentleman that lived near.

Many long years this maid he admir'd,  
When they were infants in love they agreed,  
When this young couple to age they arrived,  
Cupid an arrow between them display'd.

For their tender hearts were linked together,  
When her cruel parent the same came to hear,  
Unto there charming young beautiful daughter,  
They acted the part that was base & severe.

Her father said, daughter, leave off your proceeding,  
If you are resolv'd with him for to wed  
Henceforth and forever we will disown you  
If you will have one that is sometly brid  
Her mother said daughter you are a great fortune  
Besides you are beautiful, charming & young,  
And you are a match dear child that is fitting  
For any great lord that is in christendom.

Then did reply this young beauti-  
richer & honour I both do defy,  
But lady,

For if I am denied my dearest jewel,  
Then farewell world, it is all vanity.

Tommy is the man that I do admire,  
He is the riches that I do adore,  
For to be greater I never desire,  
My heart is fixt never to love any more.

Then said her father, tis my resolution,  
Altho' I have no more daughters but you,  
If you are resolute with him for to marry,  
Banish'd forever from me you shall go.

Well crel father, but this I desire,  
Grant me that once more I may see

The you do part us, I still will be loyal,  
For none in the world I desire but he,

Then for the young man hésent in  
Saying forever sir, now take your leave,  
I have a match more fit for my daughter,  
There fore it is but a folly to grieve.

Honoured Father then said the young lady,  
Promised we are by the Powers above

Why of all comforts will you now bereave me?  
For our love is fix'd never for to move

Then said her father, a trip to the Clean,  
You shall go in a ship of my own,  
And first I'll consent you shall have thy daughter,  
When to fair Yarmouth again you return.

Honoured Sir then said the two sovers,  
Since it is your will we are bound to obey,  
Our constant hearts never can be parted,  
But our eager desire now longereth to stay.

Then beautifull Nancy she said Dearest Jemmy,  
Here take this ring the pledge of your word,  
And with it my heart keep it safe in your bosom  
Carry it with you where ever you go.

Then in his arms he closely fold her,  
While chrystral tears like a flood did flow,  
Crying, my heart in return I do give you,  
And you shall be present where ever I go.

When on the ocean my dears I'm sailing,  
The thought of thy jewel the compass shall steare  
Those tedious days speed time will discover,

And bring me safe to the arms of my Dear

Therefore constant my dear lovely Jew,

For here I do swere, that if you are untree

My troubled ghosts shall torment you foreve

Dead or alive I'm resolv'd to have you

Her ivory arms round his neck she

Saying, My dear, when you're on the sea

If that the fates unto us prove cruel

That we each other no more may see,

No man alive shall ever enjoy me

As soon as the tiding of death ring in

Then like a poor unfortunate lover,

Down to the grave I will go to my Dear.

Then with a grovfull sigh he departed

The wind next morning blew a pleasan

All things being ready in the hand Mary-gall

Then for her bade her straitway he said

While Jemmy was a floating upon the

Her cruel parents were plotting the while

How the heart of their beautifull daughter

With cursed gold they shoul'd beginne

Many a load of fame bin the bree

11  
Come for to count this beatifull ~~and~~,  
But their rich presence & favours she slighted  
Constant I'll be to thy jewel she said.

Now for a while we will leave this <sup>Maden</sup> fair  
And tell how things with his lover did go,  
In fair Barbadoes the ship she arrived,  
But as we observe ye his sad over-threw.

Young Jemmy was comely in every feature  
A Barbadoes lady whose fortune was great  
On him fixed her eyes, she said, off get not  
The English Sailor I'll die for his sake.

Then she dress'd herself in most gallant <sup>attire</sup>  
With costly diamonds she plated his hair  
An hundred slaves dress'd in white to attend  
She sent for this young man to come to her there

Come Noble sailor, said she can you fancy  
A lady whose fortune and <sup>riches</sup> ~~great~~ are great  
An hundred slaves you shall have to attend

Musick to charm you to your silent sleep  
In robes of gold, my dear, I will Deck you  
Rich pearls & Jewels will lay at y<sup>t</sup> comfort  
In a chariot of gold you shall ride at <sup>your pleasure</sup>

If you <sup>t</sup>me love me then answer me I haue

Amazed with wonder while as he stood gazing  
Forlaine noble lady, At length he replied  
In England so fair I did vow to a lady,  
As at my return to make her my bride.

She is a charming young beautifull creature  
She has my heart, & of her love no more,  
I bear in my eyes her sweet lovely <sup>repose</sup>,  
No other charmes on Earth <sup>g</sup> <sup>t</sup> <sup>done</sup>,

Hearing of this she did rave in <sup>ion</sup> distract,  
Crying, unfortunateman thus to love

One that does basely slight my glory  
Lords of renowne of their favours <sup>I have giv</sup>  
Now I must die for a brave soldi<sup>re</sup> bold,  
I must not blame him because he is constant  
True love I finde is much better than gold

A costly Jewel she instantly gave him,  
Then in her trembling hand took a knife  
One fatal stroke before he could save her,  
Quickly did put an end to her life.-

Great Lamentation was made for this Dead  
But Jemmy on board of the ship he did steer,  
Therfor fare Englaud he home was sailing,  
With a longing desire to meet with his Dear.

But when her father found he was returni<sup>ng</sup>  
A letter he wro<sup>te</sup> to the boatswain his friend  
Saying a handsome reward I will give you,  
If on the life of young Jemmy will end off  
Void of Allyance & for the sake of Money  
The cruel boatswain the same did complete,  
At they on the Deck were lawelying walking  
He suddenly tumbled him into the Deep,

In the Dead of the night when all were  
Asleep his troubled ghost to his love did appear.

Crying arise young beautifull Nancy,

Perform the <sup>Dee-</sup>othes that you made to your -

You are my own there fore tarry no long <sup>er,</sup>

Seven long years for your sake I did

Hymen he warts for to crown us with pleasure,

The bride guests are ready therefore come we in

She cryid who is there under my window,

Surely it is the sweet voice of my Deare,

Lifting her head from her soft <sup>pillow</sup> Dwyng.

Sweet to the Casement she then repair.

By the light of the moon, it being Ester <sup>Shining</sup>  
She saw her true lover who to her did say,

Your ~~parents~~ are sleeping before they awaker,

Stir my Deare creature you must come away

Decorative flourish

Oh my strengthen if my father should see us,  
We should be ruined therefore repair

To the sea side & will instantly mete out,  
With my two maidens will come to you there.

Her gowne embroyerd with gold & silver,  
Carelesly then round her body she throwes,  
With her two maidens indeed to attend her,  
Unto her true love she instantly goes.

Close in his arms the spirit up holds her  
Jemmy she said you are colder then clay,  
Sure you can never be the man I admire  
Saler than death you appear unto me

Yes, fairest of creatures I am your true  
Dead or alivyd you know you're my own, <sup>fairest</sup>  
I'm come for my word my deary you must  
My body into a watery tomb.

I for your sake did refuse gold & <sup>Treasur</sup>  
Beauty and Riches for you I Disprise  
A charming lady for me to eschue  
For thinking of you I was <sup>cries</sup> to her  
Your cruel parents have her <sup>wading</sup> my  
And now I do sleep in a watery tomb,  
Now for your promise loe I am swiney  
Dead or alive sure you are my own.

The trembling lady was sorely affrighted  
Amaz'd she stood near the brink of the sea,  
With eyes lift to heaven, she cry'd cruel parent <sup>rent</sup>  
Heaven requite you for your cruelty.

Indeed I have promised my dearest creature  
Dead or alive that I will be his own,  
And to perform my vow I am ready  
To follow him now to his watery tomb.  
Her maidens thy heard all her sad lamentation  
But the apparition indeed could not see,

Thinking the lady was now in distraction,  
They strove to persuade her contented to be;

But still she cry'd out, my dear I am coming,  
Now in thy bosom I'll soon fall asleep,  
When thus she had spoke, this unfortunate lady  
Suddenly plunged herself in the deep.

The maids seeing what was done, sadly weeped,  
And told the news soon as e'er they came home,  
Oh! dearest child, it was thy cruel father,  
That did provide you a watery tomb.

Two or three days then being expired,  
Those two unfortunate lovers were seen  
In each others arms on the waves a floating,  
By the side of the ship in the watery main.

The cruel boatswain was soon struck with horror,  
At night he confess'd the sad deed he had done,  
Showing the letter that came from her father,  
Which was the cause of those lovers sad doom.

On board of the ship he was try'd for the murder,  
At the yard arm he was hang'd for the same,  
The father he soon broke his heart for his daughter,  
Before that the ship into harbour she came.

Thus, cursed gold has caused destruction,  
Why should the rich covet still after gain,  
I hope that this story will now be a warning,  
That cruel parents may not do the same.

True love is better then jewels or treasure,  
Riches can never buy true love you know,  
But thy couple loved constant out of measure,  
Love was the occasion of there overthrow.

56 vnses

## When Pensive I Thought of (My) Love

When pensive I thought of my love,  
The moon on the mountains was bright;  
And I filomed down on the grov,  
Broke sweetly the silence of night.  
Oh! I wish'd that the tear drop would flow,  
But felt too much anguish to weep;  
I'll wan with the weight of my noe,  
I sunk on my pillow to sleep  
to sleep to sleep  
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Me thought that my love, as I lay,  
His ringlets all clotted with gore;  
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,  
Alas! we must never meet more:  
Yes, yes, my love, we must part —  
The steel of my rival was true;  
The assassin has struck on that heart  
Which beat with such fervor for you,  
For you, for you,  
Which beat with such fervor for you.

Who was that assassin, I cried,  
That dar'd thy lov'd bosom to wound;  
"A fair one," he sadly replied,  
In whom every charm did abound.  
But ah! she was falsest then fair;  
When her cruel desertion I knew,  
It broke my fond heart with despair:  
That false cruel fair one was you.  
It was you, was you,  
That false cruel fair one was you.

## When Bidden to the wake

When bidden to the waker or fair,  
The joy of each free-hearted swain,  
Till phoebe promise to be there,  
I loiter, last of all the train.

If Chanel some fairing caught her <sup>eye</sup>,  
The ribbon gay or silken glove,  
With eagre haste I ran to buy,  
For what is gold compared to love.

My posy on her bosom placed,  
Could Harry's sweeter scents exale;  
Her auburn locks my ribbon graed  
And flutter'd in the wanton gale,  
With scorn she hears me now complain  
Nor can my rustic presents move;  
Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
And gold, alas, banish'd love.

# LAWRY O'BRYAN.

I am lately return'd from the ocean  
Where fire, blood and balls were in motion,  
And for fighting I never had a motion.  
I would never do for lawry obryan,  
I could box on the shore like a son of a <sup>whore</sup>,  
I could knock down the dogs by my <sup>ascore</sup> son's half,  
But I never thought it clever for the boll to  
Knock the liver out of lawry <sup>would tarry</sup>  
Blood and thundur where's the ga-by that  
I would never do lawry obryan.  
I'm so light that no one can come near me,  
And for wit of language few can scare me,  
And for boxing they all need to fear me,  
So smart was young lawry obryan.

So tight and so free where I first went to sea  
Who the devil should they <sup>but me,</sup> pop into office  
With my raker'd my scraper,  
Blood and ovens I eat a eaper  
With young laury;  
Blood & thunder, &c,

There's a little dirty mielshirman <sup>sop,</sup> milk.  
And he ordered me up to the top-top,  
Where my head it spun round like a <sup>up-top,</sup>  
O'was cruelty for laury O'bryan.  
Then a sailor went up and he let down a <sup>rope</sup>  
They ty'd it round my middle, and hoisted  
me up  
I kept bawling, I kept squall-<sup>ing</sup>  
While the fellows they were had-<sup>long</sup>  
Of poor laury. Blood & thunder &c.

Then the next thing they all went to fighting,  
'Twas a thing that I never took delight in,  
Arrah! sure you will all think me right in  
Securing of Lawry O'Bryan.

For the powder'd the shot and the balls flew so hot,  
And the hub bub bub boo of the damned  
sans culotte,

From the running with their gaining,  
By my soul I set off running  
With poor Lawry.

Blood & thunder, he

While this hub bub'd the noise they were making,  
Upon deck, in the hold I lay shaking,  
Till I heard that the French ship was taken,

Then out jumps'd young Lawry O'Bryan.  
There I saw a fellow dead lying down  
without his head,

Arrah! aith then I thought he had  
better been in bed,

Then delighting in such fighting,

Which I found no way inviting,  
For young Lanry.

Blood & thunder, &c.

Then the captain gave orders for sailing,  
But the sides of the ship wanted maling,  
And all hands went to pumping & bailing,

This was labor for Lanry & Bry

So we got her in the docks with her damn'd  
heavy blocks

By my soul but she look'd like a fellow  
in the stocks,

Then this oakum devil chose 'em  
And their tar they wish'd to noke

On young Lanry.

Blood & thunder, &c.

I've got rid of the captain & sailors,  
Bid adieu to the caulkers & nailors,  
By my soul I'll apply to the tailors,  
So rigg off young Lanry & Bry,  
I've escap'd free from wounds, & I will  
blood and ours,

Show myself to some widow worth her  
twenty thousand pounds:

I'll implore her, I'll adore her,  
With palaver I'll secure her,  
For young Lawry.

Blood and thunder where's the lady  
would not marry  
Such a dasher as young Lawry O'Bryan.

A Parody on "how blest the  
life a Sailor leads."

June - America, Commerce and Freedom.

How blest the life a soldier leads,  
From town to country ranging,  
For as the halt, the march succeeds,  
Our toil delights by changing.  
Tho' cannons roar along the field,  
And comrades bleed beside us,  
Our hearts being like our bayonet & steel,  
These dangers never fright us.  
Should fresh troubles come, we'll take sword & gun  
If the enemy attack, we'll not need 'em,  
But prime, load, fire & charge as they come nigher.  
'Twas the way our brother soldiers gained their  
freedom.

Our country's call we will obey,

'Tis what we take delight in;

Altho' we're snug at home to-day.

To-morrow we may be fighting.

Should foreign troops invade our land,

We'll welcome them on shore Sir;

Republicans, they can't withstand;

They well knew this before Sir.

The drum beats alarm, we appear with

our arms,

Should the enemy advance we'll not heed 'em,

We'll march, till we meet them, we'll make

them retreat,

'Tis the way that we'll support the cause

of freedom.

Returning home with cheerful hearts,

Our friends delighted greet us;

Presenting us with flowing bowls,

The pretty lasses meet us;

Their smiles my lack, drive off dull care,

And banish every sorrow;

We'll drink & dance & laugh & sing,

And take our rest to-morrow,

Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first  
of our joys,

May we have our arms & courage, when we  
need 'em

To prime load and fire - so well raise  
our fame still higher,  
And support the constitution & our freedom.

### Love Song About Murder

A Noble Lord in Chester  
of name & great renown,  
Once kill'd a man for pleasure,  
who was of mean account;  
His character was stained  
by this sad cruelty,  
For which, he was arraigned  
Jug'd, and condemn'd to die.

His Lord in this Disaster  
and trouble which was new,  
Sought one to plead his case,  
for his hours were but few;  
And like one in distraction,  
he search'd the country round,  
To gain some satisfaction,  
at length a friend he found,

A poor young kitchen-maiden  
Was advocate, they say,  
If I may be permitted,  
Permitte said she,  
To come before the judges,  
I mean to end the strife.  
Like my love sick lady,  
In tears I'll beg his life.

She borrow'd rich attire  
And garments many fold,  
Or one who liv'd nigh her  
A stately chain of gold;  
And all things being ready  
She with a footman came,  
Like any noble lady  
Of honour, birth, to come.

She came before the judges,  
And on her knees did fall,  
She cry'd alone for mercy,  
For pity, lovely call'd;  
Take pity on a maiden,  
And spare my noble Lord,  
And the best of heaven's blessings,  
Shall ever be your reward.

Bring not your hands, fair Lady,  
the learned Judge reply'd,  
He is condemn'd already,  
already he is try'd;  
He murder has committed,  
his fellow creatures slain,  
and is not to be pitied,  
your sighs are all in vain.

If one of us must suffer,  
pray let that one be I,  
I'll yield myself a Martyr,  
rather than he should die;  
If Vengeance must be given,  
pray let it fall on me,  
I'll give my life a ransom  
to set his honor free.

Would you then die to save him?  
such Love I never knew,  
This instant, you shall have him,  
so bid your tears die,  
This moment we acquit him  
dear Lady, for your sake:  
Then hand in hand together,  
they pleasingly did take.

Thus hand in hand together,  
they walk'd along the road,  
Till they came to the tavern  
the place of her abode;  
He laid his hand upon her,  
and smilingly he cry'd,  
I have more cause to love you,  
than any one beside,

Said she I'm a poor Maiden,  
those clothes are not my own,  
And of my friends, & neighbors,  
I borrow'd every one;  
And of my Master's daughter  
I borrow'd money too,  
That I might save your life,  
and prevent your overthrow.

He laid his hand upon her,  
and smilingly reply'd.  
I have more cause to love you,  
than any one beside,  
Five hundred pounds to morrow  
And bind myself to love you,  
while I've a day to live.

The next day, he did wed her,  
as we have since been told,  
And gave her Master's daughter  
five hundred pounds in gold;  
They spend their days in pleasure,  
which nothing can annoy,  
And have, besides great treasure,  
a pretty girl & boy.

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## The building of the Temple.— a Masonic Song.

In the Scriptures we read  
of a certain great King,  
The Monarch of Israel,  
Whose praises we'll sing:  
He built a fine fabric,  
As we understand,  
On the mountain Moriah  
That's call'd Jerusalem.

He who, slew Goliath,  
In the scriptures we find,  
Did purchase the lands,  
To promote his design,  
And order'd Young Solomon,  
As he was his son,  
To finish the building  
Which he had begun.

Said David to Solomon,  
With his heart full of love,  
Since we are appointed  
By the powers above,  
The great Architect,  
Of Heaven, you see,  
Sent all these fine patterns  
In writing to me

King Solomon, in order  
To execute his plan,  
Then number'd all the workmen  
That were in the land;  
Thirty thousand to bear burdens,  
He kept in reserve,  
Ninety thousand on the mountains  
To hew out & carve.  
Three thousand three hundred  
He chose then to be  
All Masters of workmen  
Them to oversee;  
And this you may believe,  
for 'tis certainly true,  
He clothed them all in go  
in fine orange and blue  
And on the high mountains  
the rocks they did square

All ready for the building  
before they came there  
And on proper carriages  
they brought them all down  
That on this fine building  
no hammer might sound  
King Solomon a letter to Jure  
then did send  
Inviting King Hiram  
to be his true friend  
And he being willing  
to grant him relief  
Sent him that cunning craftsman  
call'd Hiram the chief  
The son of a widow  
and of the tribe of Dan  
In every particular he  
he acted the man  
He show'd so much wisdom  
in the mechanic arts

That none could excel him  
in the casting of brass.  
He built them two cherubims  
which were of image work  
They stretch'd forth their wings  
to spread over the ark  
And reached so far o'er  
King Solomon's porch  
That he could behold them  
when walking to church  
The fine Queen of Sheba  
then heard of his fame,  
And unto Jerusalem  
she instantly came,  
And when she came there,  
she was struck with surprise;  
This wonderful building  
so dazzled her eyes  
She asked him questions,  
concerning his art;  
He answer'd her in all  
that belong'd to each party;

In wisdom and learning  
none could him excel:  
This fine Queen of Sheba  
then loved him well.  
May he who rules in Heaven,  
the grand Lodge above;  
Crown all the free masons  
with infinite love;  
In health to King Solomon,  
King Hiram also,  
Fill up your bumpers,  
we'll drink, and we'll go.

---

LOWE

The Young Man's Wish  
Free from the bustle, care & strife,  
Of this short vaiegated life,  
O let me spend my days  
In rural sweetness, with a friend,  
To whom my mind I may unbend,  
Nor censure heed, or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth,  
Let me enjoy but peace & health,  
I envy not the great:  
Tis these alone can make me ~~blest~~<sup>year</sup>;  
The riches take of east & west,  
I claim not those, or state.

Thought not extravagant nor nere,  
But through the well spent chequer'd  
I'd have enough to live;  
To drink a bottle with a friend,  
Assist him in distress, we-wlne,  
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,  
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,  
Young, sensible and fair;  
One who could love but me alone,  
Prefer my lot ~~tho'~~ <sup>o'</sup>re a throne,  
And sooth my every care.

Thus, happy with my wife<sup>ond.</sup>,  
My life I cheerfully would sh<sup>o</sup>  
With no vain thoughts opprest.  
If Heaven her bliss for me in store,  
O grant me this, I ask no more,  
And I am truly blest.

# Lullaby.

Peacefull Slumbering on the Ocean  
Sailors fear no danger nigh  
The Winds & Waves, in gentle motion  
Soother them with their Lullaby

## Lullaby &c. 2

Is the wind ~~Tempest~~<sup>2</sup> blowing  
Still no danger they decry  
The quiesce's heart its soon bestowing  
Soother them with its Lullaby &c  
When the midnight <sup>3</sup> Tempest rages  
Rolls the angry billows high,  
The mornow's. calm their thoughts

Soothes them with its Lullaby &c  
Engaging  
Now the Threatning <sup>4</sup> Storm is over  
Clouds no more ~~en~~ shade the Sky  
Blissfull thoughts of absent Lovers  
Soothe them with their Lullaby

The Voyage being made the  
Ships returning,

Port now greets the raptur'd <sup>Bye</sup>  
Joy in ev'ry Boston burning  
Soothes them with its Lullabye

Safe arrived <sup>6</sup> at Anchor Riding  
Hands ashore all eager fly  
Happy Wifes with Gentlest Children  
Soothe them with their Lullabye

# Spanish Lady

Did not you hear of a Spanish Lady  
How she would have an Englishman  
She's of a comely countenance  
So fair to see

Both of her birth & parentage

## Spanish Lady

Did not you hear of a Spanish Lady  
How she would have an Englishman  
With garments gay as rich as may be  
Deckt with Jewells every one  
She's of a comely countenance  
So fair to see

Both of her birth & parentage

Of high degree,

She was a prisoner while he kept her  
In his arms her lips did lie  
Cupids bands did tie her faster  
By the liking of his eye  
And in his courteous company

was all her Joy  
To pleasure him in any thing  
She was not <sup>3</sup>Coy  
There was sent forth a proclamation  
For to set all Ladies Free  
With their Jewells to Adorn them  
None to do them Injury  
O then reply this Lady Fair  
O Woe is me I  
O may still Sustain  
This Kind <sup>4</sup>Captivity  
Blessed be that time & Season  
When you come on Spanish ground  
Four foes we have you Tamed  
Gentle foes we have you found  
And with our City you have won  
Our hearts, each one  
And to your Country bear away  
What is your own

O fair lady how came you love me  
 Whom you know is your Country's foe  
 Your fair words make me suspect you  
 Serpents lie where flowers grow  
 No all the harm I wish on you  
 Courteous knight  
 God grant the same upon myself  
 Night fully light  
 Gallant fapt. have some pity  
 On a lady in Distress  
 leave me not within the City  
 For to die in heauiness  
 Although you have this day  
 Sett my Body free  
 My heart shall still in the  
 Prison strong remain with

O Rest You Still most Gallant Lad  
 Rest you Still & weep no more  
 Of Fair Lovers you hav Plenty  
 Spain doth yeile a Wondrous Store  
 Spaniards feb with Zealousy  
 We often find —  
 Englishmen throughout the land  
 Are Counted Kind  
 I have neither gold or Silver  
 To maintain you in this Place  
 For to travell is great Charges  
 This you know in every Place  
 O all those chains & Jewells  
 Sir shall be your own  
 Besides Ten Thousand pounds in gold  
 That his unknown

(9)

On the Seas there's many Dangers,  
Many storms do there arise  
Which do prove to Ladies dreadfull  
And force Tears from their Eyes  
Kind Sir says she

I can endure Extremity  
And I can find a heart  
To loose my <sup>to</sup> life for the  
Rest you still most gallant Lady  
Now comes on to end the strife  
I in England have already  
A sweet Woman for my Wife  
I would not falsify my Vows  
For Gold nor Gain  
No. no. not for the finest dairies  
That lives in Spain —

O how happy is that Woman  
 That enjoys so true a Friend  
 Marry of peace god send her  
 Of my Suit I'll make an End.

And on my knee I'll pardon crave  
 For this Offence  
 Since love & true affection Sir.

Did first Commencement  
 Command me to y<sup>r</sup> Loving Lady  
 Bear to her this shain of gold  
 And those Brasletts for a Token  
 Giving that I've been so bold  
 And those chains & Jewells Sir  
 Bear them with thee  
 For they are fitting for y<sup>r</sup> Wife  
 And not for me.

And every day I'll be in Prayer  
 For You & all Y<sup>r</sup> Lasses Obery  
 And in a Nursery I'll shroud me  
 Free from all other company  
 And always in my prayer Sir  
 Be sure of this  
 For You & all your Family  
 I shall not miss

<sup>143</sup>  
 Fare you well most gallant Cap<sup>t</sup>  
 Fare you well my hearts Delight,  
 Count not Spanish Ladies wanton  
 Though my heart with you was bent  
 Joy & true prosperity  
 abide with thee  
 The same return unto yourself  
 Most Fair Lady

The American Star.

By J. M. Greery

2dune... Rumours of war

Come, strike the bold anthems,  
the war-dogs are howling,  
already they eagerly snap up their

prey;

The red cloud of war over our  
forests is scowling,  
Soft peace spreads her wings,  
and flies weeping away;

The infant, affrighted, cling close  
to their mothers;

The youth grasp their swords—  
for the combat prepare;

While beauty weeps fathers &  
lovers & brothers,  
Who rush to display the

American Star.

Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum  
Awaken,  
The dread rifle voice, let the cannon roar,  
No heart with pale fear or faint  
Doubtings be shamed,  
No slave's hostile foot leave a print  
on our shore.

Shall mothers, wives, daughters  
& sisters left weeping,  
Insulted by ruffians be dragg'd  
To Despair?

Oh, no! - from the hills the  
proud eagle comes sweeping,  
And waves to the brave the  
American Star.

The spirit of Washington, Warren,  
Montgomery,

Look down from the clouds with  
bright aspect serene,  
Come Soldiers, a tear, and a <sup>last</sup> ~~last~~ to  
their memory;  
Rejoicing, they'll see us as they  
once have been.

To us the high boon by the gods  
Have been granted,  
To spread the glad tidings of  
Liberty far;

Let millions invade us well,  
Meet them undaunted,  
(Conquer or die by the  
American Star

Your hands then, dear comrades,  
Round liberty gather  
United; we swear by the soul of the brave  
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,  
To live independent, or sink in the grave,  
Then freemen, file up! to the blood  
banners flying.

The high bird of liberty screaming in the  
air,

Beneath her oppression and  
tyranny dying —

Success to the beaming  
American Star.

# Birth, parentage and Education of Dennis Bulwaddy.

I was born one day when my mother was <sup>out</sup>  
In her reckoning, an accident brought it <sup>about</sup>  
Bout family quarrels and such sort of fun,  
I have heard of forefathers but I don't one.

Derry Down, etc.

Our cabin was full, though not very big,  
Of turnips, potatoes, a dog, cow, and pig,  
Our dog's name was Dennis, our cow's Paddy Whack,  
Till christened I had not a name to my back.

Derry Down, etc.

When I come to be christen'd my poor mother ran  
On my face, our dog Dennis had just laid his paw  
What's his name, says the clergy, 'Down Dennis' say  
So Dennis Bulwaddy he christen'd me.

Derry Down, etc.

I grew up & got married but aw<sup>g</sup> left in the lurch,  
For my wife died before I could get her to church;  
With the first too late, with the second too soon,  
For she brought me a son in the first honey  
moon.

Derry Down Hc.  
This business being over, I'd not make a fuss.  
It's three months you know since the priest  
Married us;  
Age, that's right reckoning, says she,  
It's three more by mine.  
And three by my own which together make nine.

Derry Down  
She died, with what joy I a hand buried  
A brass one, to cry at her grave as I  
Ought.  
But coming home in the evening with  
eyes red as beet,  
I pull'd out the onion & supponing  
grief.

Derry Hc.  
Having reaped all the comfort a single life yields,  
I turn'd reapers, cut down huge numbers  
of fields;  
From reaping of wheat I turn'd  
Dochter, and then,  
By the powers, I cut off huge numbers  
of men.

Derry

Put off an exciseman whose widow,  
good lacke,

Though she had a thousand times call'd  
me a quack,  
I've married, and I believe you ~~get~~ know,  
It's the beautiful lady that keeps the

Red Cow. Henry Downe

### The Soldier's Return

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,  
And gentle peace returning,  
And eyes again with pleasure beamed  
That had been bleared with mourning;  
I left the lines & tented field,  
Where long I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack'd my wealth,  
A poor and honest soldier.

A leal <sup>2</sup> light heart was in my breast,  
My hand unstained wi' plunder;  
And for fair Scotia, home again,  
I hever on did wander.

I thought upon the banks of Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile,  
That caught my youthful fancy

At length<sup>3</sup> I reach'd the bonny glen,  
Where early life I spent;  
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted,  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling

4  
Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom:  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king & country lang,  
Take pity on a soldier!

~~Down Hill I Left~~

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Now she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never;  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ae freely shall partake it,  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade  
Yer'e welcome for the sake o'.

She gaz'd— She reddened like a rose,  
Syne pale like ony lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cry'd,  
Art thou my ain dear Willie?—  
By him who made you sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man— and thy may still  
True lovers be rewarded!

7  
The Wars are o'er, and I'm come home  
And find thee still true-hearted  
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair, - we'll ne'er be parted!

8  
Lou'st thou, my grand'sire left me gowd?  
A mailin' spangish'd farely:  
And come, my faithful soldier lad,  
To shou'rt welcome to it dearly!

9  
Nor gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize,  
The soldier's wealth is honour;  
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember, he's his country's stay  
In the day and hour of danger.

# All's Well

Deserted by the waning Moon  
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon  
On toward font unhaunted ground  
The Centry walks his lonely round  
And should some footstep haply stray  
Where caution marks the guarded way  
Who goes there; Stranger quickly tell?

A Friend!

The Word?

Good Night!

All's Well. alls Well!

And sailing o'er the midnight deep  
While wearied Marmites soundly sleep  
The careful watch patroles the deck  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck

And while his thoughts of home anthen  
Some well known voice salutes his ear  
What cheer, Brother quickly tell?

Abaft, below!

The word?

Good night!

All's well, all's well

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## Bacchanalian Song

by Charles Ingleton

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The Glass's sparkling on the Board

The wine was Ruby bright

The age of Reason is restored

To ease and gay delight

The day is o'er the night our own

Then let us face the soul

If any can on pain remain

Let's drown it in a Bowl

The world they say is a world of woe  
But that I do deny  
Can sorrow from a Goblet flow  
Or pain from Beauties eye  
The wise are fools with all their Rules  
For they would with control  
If any can or pain remain  
lets drown it in a Bowl

Time flies fast the sweets sing  
And surely it is wine  
In rosy wine he dips his wing  
And seize them as he flies  
The nights our own we'll strew with flowers  
The moments as they flow  
If life's a pain I say again  
lets drown it in a Bowl

# O! Stay

Fly not yet its just the hour  
When pleasure like the midnight flower  
That scorns the eye of vulgar sight  
Begins to Bloom for Sons of Night  
And Maids who love the Moon

Tis but to bly the hours of shade  
That Beauty & the Moon were made  
And when at soft attractions glowing  
It sets the Tide & goblets flowing  
O Stay! O Stay!

Joys so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to night that O twas pain  
To break its links so soon  
O Stay! O Stay!

Fly not yet the fount that played  
In times of old thru' Ormands shade  
Tho' Icy cold by day it ran  
Yet still for sons of mirth began  
To Burn when Night was near

Why should Womans heart & looks  
at Noon be cold as Winter Brooks  
And kindle o'er when Nights returning  
Sets the genial hour for burning  
O Stay! O Stay!

When did Morning ever break  
and find such beaming Eyes awake  
as those which sparkle here  
O Stay, O Stay!

# The Mariners Compass

Sam Street sail's a lad you delight in  
For pleasure he's ever agog  
Loves his King loves his wench & loves fighty  
And he loves to be sure he does grog  
For Sams heart was spliced to his Nancy  
And his mind on the gill quite agog  
Yet sailor has comical fancies  
And dear as his Nancy he loves grog  
For grog is our Larboard & starboard  
Our Main mast our Mizzen our log  
At sea or on shore or when harboard  
The Mariners Compass is grog

Let but Grog take its charge of the helm  
toe pieces not the Dangers of sea  
Or of Billows the Vessel o'er whelm  
Stile grog is the Pilot for me

Then since Grog saves the trouble of thinking  
Here's to each jolly dog

For he who delights in good drinking  
Will top of his can of good grog

For grog is our Larboard & Starboard &c

Sam Spiegel said the grog he loved dearly

And its strain he enap'tined would sing  
Yet he sought for his country most chearly  
Loved his sweetheart & Honored his kin

For Sam's heart was spiced to his Nancy,

And his mind on the girl quite aye

Yet sailors has comical fancies

And dear as his Nancy he loved grog

For grog is our Larboard & Starboard &c

# Just like Love

Just like love is yonder Rose

Heavenly fragrance round it throw,  
Its Tears & Wholly leaves disperse  
And in the midst of Briars it Blooms

Just like Love,

It calls to Bloom upon the Breast  
Since with thorns the stem invest  
It should be gathered with the rest  
And with it to the heart be fixed.

Just like love

When rude hands the twin bud sever  
It shall die & blossom never  
Though the thorn be sharp as ever

Just like love

Just like love is yonder Rose

Be it

# The Thorn

From the white Blossom sloe

My Dear Cloe requested

A Sprig her fair breast to adorn

No by Heavens I exclaimed

May I perish

If ever I plant in that Bosom a Thorn

When I shew'd her a Ripe

and imploy'd her to Marry

She Blush'd like the Dawning of Morn

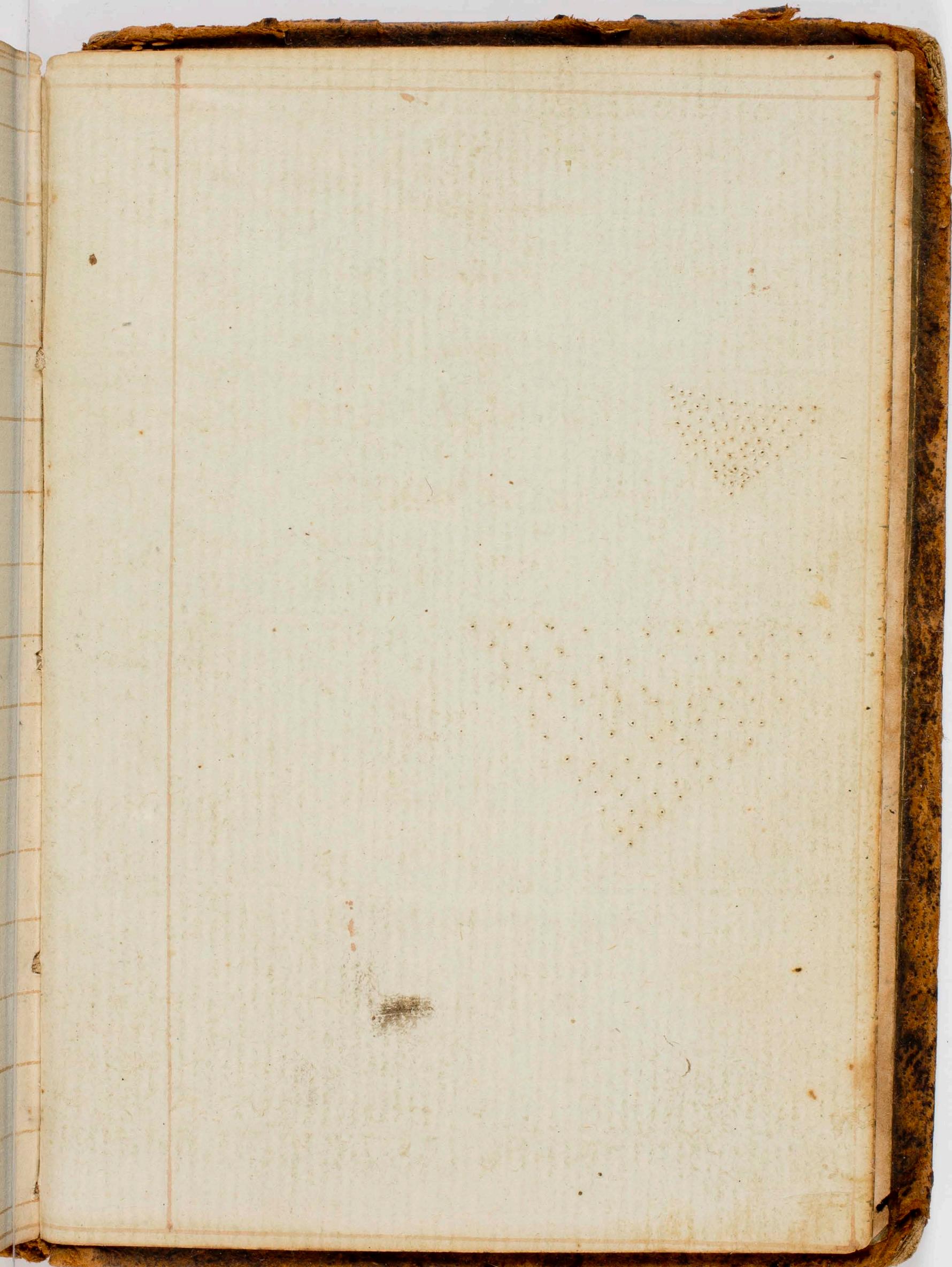
Yes! I'll consent, she replied

If you will promise

That no Jealous Rival shall laugh me to <sup>scorn</sup>

No by Heavens she





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